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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	303	LIFE AND LETTERS:—	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Horse - Sense of	
The New Situation in		Democracy ...	312
Politics ...	306	The Heart of Voltaire ...	313
Germany and its Govern-		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By	
ment ...	307	Arthur Henderson, R. Graf-	
THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.		ton Perry, A Leeds Radical,	
By H. J. Laski ...	308	Perplexed, N. Hancock,	
HOW I WON ABERAVON. By the		Austin Harrison, C. R. V.	
Chairman of the Parliamen-		Coutts, W. S. Rowntree, and	
tary Labor Party ...	309	Egerton Beck ...	315
A LONDON DIARY. By A		POETRY:—	
Wayfarer ...	310	Solar Eclipse. By Cyprian	
		Oyde ...	317
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
		Our City Editor ...	318

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Events of the Week.

THE Government has met Parliament with a King's Speech of a nondescript pattern, the main devices of which are a pledge to give effect to the Irish Constitution, a promise to "examine afresh" the unemployment schemes of the Coalition, a guarantee of the Loan to Austria, and a "hope" that Lausanne may bring "peace" and "security" to the Near East. The completed House now consists of a Government representing about five million votes, and an Opposition representing some eight millions. But there are some minor and not unimportant distinctions. The Ministerial mass is apparently, but not actually, solid, and consists of 344 Conservatives, about 30 or 40 of whom are of doubtful or loose attachment to the Government. The Opposition is openly divided between 142 Labor men (including four Co-operators); 60 Liberals under Mr. Asquith; 57 "National Liberals" under Mr. Lloyd George, only a small proportion of whom are uncommitted in some form to the Government; one or two Communists, two Nationalists and one Sinn Fein Irishman, and five Independents. On most questions it may be assumed that the Ministerialists will act together, and will attract a proportion of the Lloyd Georgian representatives. But this party again is divided, among other things, on the question of Free Trade, on which an early test will certainly arise—i.e., on the question whether the Safeguarding of Industries Act shall be retained or repealed.

THE Parliamentary Labor Party of 142 members has armed itself for the battle by electing its best Parliamentarian to the leadership. Mr. MacDonald was chosen Chairman by 61 votes to 56 for Mr. Clynes, who becomes Deputy Chairman, and it is understood that the post will no longer be changed annually, but will be retained by Mr. MacDonald as long as the party desires. There is an elaborate equipment of six Whips, two for each country, and the party, in its present leader's hands, will doubtless be trained and kept at a high point of efficiency. A slight change has been made in debating tactics. In future only the opening speech will be arranged beforehand, so that in place of the prepared oration the party will be encouraged to rely on

the mental readiness and adaptability of its members. It is certain that the Speaker will not endorse the party's claim to the whole of the Front Opposition Bench—by Parliamentary usage, as well as by courtesy, this can hardly be—but it will occupy the whole of the Opposition Whips' usual room, and will demand precedence over the Liberals for its motions in Supply, to which great importance is attached. Probably its relations with the Independent Liberals will be friendly, or at least less distant than with the Lloyd Georgians. So far as this section is concerned, there is a slight but visible tendency to reunion with the Independents. Those members who remain unpledged to the Tory Government will receive the Liberal Whips. Sir John Simon is to be Mr. Asquith's deputy, but, able as he is, he cannot replace the invaluable Sir Donald Maclean.

THE unhappy people who are out of work have been badly served this week by the leaders of the "National Organized Unemployed Workers' Movement." These young men have no relations with the Trade Union officials or the Labor Party leaders. They have brought to London two thousand "hunger marchers" from all parts of the kingdom, who are to demonstrate until the Prime Minister agrees to meet a deputation representing them. The announcement that, in company with thousands of London unemployed, they would march to Whitehall on Wednesday led to a discovery of a familiar kind by Scotland Yard that the demonstration had been organized by Communists and criminals, and that there was a deliberate "plot" to bring about a conflict with the police. It was announced that on no account would Mr. Bonar Law receive a deputation, on the ground that he could not deal with all questions, and that the problem of unemployment came within the spheres of the Ministers of Labor and Health, who were willing to receive the representatives of the hunger marchers. The police issued a notice prohibiting the entry of the procession into a defined area, and preparations were made to enforce the order.

THROUGH the influence of Mr. Lansbury and other Labor members the men's leaders agreed to meet the Ministers of Labor and Health, and to hold the demonstration in Hyde Park. Trouble was prevented in this way, but the interview with the Ministers was farcical. The deputation merely renewed the demand for a meeting with the Prime Minister, and declined to discuss either hardships or remedies except in the presence of Mr. Bonar Law. They talked of bringing "the whole flock" into London, and of compelling the guardians to maintain them until the Prime Minister conceded an interview. Tactics of this kind half wreck the cause of the unemployed, and embarrass the Labor Party in applying Parliamentary pressure on the Government.

ONE can only hope that this episode will not be stage-managed by the Government so as to hide away the social trouble and danger it stands for. Unemployment will have to be handled in a far more effective fashion than by the Coalition Ministry. No one who observed closely the thousands of unemployed on the Embankment on Wednesday could help being impressed with the marks of privation on the faces of the middle-aged and

older men. Gauntness of feature, ragged clothing, and a "down and out" air, struggling with the last remnants of the bearing of self-respecting manhood, told their own tale. Equally the presence of thousands of young men suggested demoralization by idleness, and the ripe growth of a great social peril. What, then, is the Government going to do? Mr. Bonar Law cannot refuse to see the unemployed for ever and ever, and he is bound to find at least a temporary cure for their ills. We suggest that the Government should arrange a large scheme of constructive public work here, linked to a scheme of emigration to Canada, where, say, 50,000 able-bodied men should be found in land and farming tools, and taught, under supervision, how to use them and to become good citizens of their new country. The Canadian Government would, of course, have to assent; but is that impossible or difficult?

THE Lausanne Conference has begun calmly enough. It was preceded by a meeting between Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré in Paris, and a "preliminary conversation" between these two statesmen and Signor Mussolini at Territet. These preliminary negotiations are necessarily of the first importance, but their results have been hidden in such profound secrecy that we are left with little more than conjectures and contradictions. Of course, officially it was announced that complete accord was obtained between the Allies. But unofficial reports as to the nature of the agreement are ominously conflicting. From British sources one learnt that M. Poincaré had in effect capitulated to Lord Curzon: the Angora Treaty was "torn up," concessions to Turkey were to be kept rigorously within the limits of the Note of September 23rd, and France would give Britain effective support in resisting further demands from Angora. As the "Manchester Guardian" put it, Turkey "is not to have Western Thrace nor Mesopotamia, nor Syria nor the Ægean Islands, nor a Greek indemnity, nor control of the Straits, nor the unqualified prerogative of massacring Christians in Europe or Asia." And last, but not least, France was prepared, in case of need, to resist Turkish demands effectively.

A VERY different picture of the result of the Paris conversations was given by the semi-official French Press. On Monday, "Le Temps" gave an account of the situation, which had every sign of being officially inspired and in which practically nothing was mentioned but the desirability of making concessions to Turkey. The "complete agreement" between M. Poincaré and Lord Curzon had been confined to the subjects which should be discussed at Lausanne. Turkey would enter the conference in a position of "perfect equality" with the other Powers; the conference would debate and negotiate; it would not impose "any stipulations agreed upon in advance." Not a word here even about the stipulations of the Allied Note of September 23rd to which by her signature France herself had "agreed in advance." Then "Le Temps" goes on to take point by point the various questions of frontiers, the Ægean Islands, the Straits, the protection of minorities, the Turkish Army, the indemnity, and in every instance the solution suggested will be found, we are bold enough to prophesy, not to differ materially from that which Ismet Pasha will, in the course of the next few days, lay upon the conference table at Lausanne. If this is really to be the attitude of the French Government, the conference will have some stormy water ahead of it, for there are items in this programme—for instance, the Turkish demand for the Ægean Islands and the

ingenuous plea that "it would be superfluous to limit the size of the Turkish Army in Thrace"—which will be even less acceptable to Italy and the Little Entente than they are to Britain.

AFTER exceptional forbearance the Irish Provisional Government has been forced to the last measures in defence of its authority. It has not gone beyond the general will, hardened by wanton attacks on life and property. It has executed four men convicted by its military courts of possession of arms in circumstances pointing to an ambush. It has convicted Mr. Erskine Childers on a capital charge; and the sentence of the Court is, at the moment of writing, awaiting confirmation subject to proceedings by way of Habeas Corpus in the High Courts, where the legality of the new military tribunals, and, indeed, of the very existence of the National Army, has been challenged. It holds Miss MacSwiney, a member of the Republican Council of State, a prisoner in Mountjoy on hunger-strike. The Irish Government is facing difficulties which have some surface resemblance to those which overwhelmed English government in Ireland, and must distinguish carefully between what justice, law, and prudence require. Public opinion leaves the Government in no doubt as to its attitude towards those who throw bombs and conduct ambushes in the crowded streets. And if ambushers and bomb-throwers are shot, are their political and military leaders, who accept responsibility for their acts, to go free?

As for Mr. Childers, in his political opposition to the Treaty he was within his rights. Since then, unless common report does him grave injustice, he has been a prime actor in a terrible drama, which bears the name of civil war, but in practice reduces itself to a series of assassinations. Of this cruel device, which has almost ruined Ireland, so great is its destruction of property and of the means of transport, he is declared to have been a director in the field. At this stage some English friends of Ireland have intervened in favor of a general policy of clemency towards the rebels. We think they are right. There is a neurosis of murder in Ireland. There is an obvious risk of its being succeeded by a neurosis of pity for murderers. For that reason we think that the best thing to do with Mr. Childers is not to give his name a memory in Ireland, but to make it memoryless.

THE German President entrusted the formation of a new Government to Dr. Cuno, the Director of the Hamburg-Amerika Line. The new Chancellor began his career as a Government official and made his mark at the Treasury when he became an expert on taxation. On Ballin's death in 1918 he succeeded him as head of the Hamburg-Amerika Line, and he is reputed to share his predecessor's skill in the art of agreement and compromise. As head of the German Government, he should find this skill and also his knowledge of finance extremely useful. The difficulties of his position showed themselves as soon as he began to form his Government. The dominating factor in the situation is that no Government can govern without at least the tacit support of the Socialist Party, which has a solid body of nearly 180 members in the Reichstag, and that the Coalition Government of Dr. Wirth came to grief over the refusal of the Socialists to admit the German People's Party into the Cabinet. It was hopeless for Dr. Cuno to attempt a reconciliation between these two parties or to revive the old Coalition. Therefore he had to fall

back on the idea of what he called "a Cabinet of Work," i.e., to apportion the posts on personal rather than party grounds.

* * *

It was only after two failures that Dr. Cuno succeeded in forming a Ministry, and then after the personal intervention of the President. The Socialists refused to enter a Cabinet with members of the German People's Party, and there was also trouble with the Centre Party, an important section of which objected to Dr. Hermes remaining a member of the Cabinet after the fall of Dr. Wirth. Finally, Dr. Cuno had to form his Government from the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* only. The position of such a Government must necessarily be even more insecure than that of its predecessor, for it must depend for its existence upon at least the neutrality of the Nationalists on the extreme Right and of the Socialists on the extreme Left. It is probable that the Socialists will remain neutral, at any rate at first, but at an early sign of the Cabinet yielding to what they consider to be Herr Stinnes's economic policy they will certainly go into active opposition.

* * *

THE visit of the Bulgarian Premier, M. Stambulisky, to Bucharest and Belgrade is a highly significant event. It was the immediate result of the re-establishment of Turkish power in Europe, and shows that in the face of the old and common danger the Balkan States recognize the necessity of drawing together. The days of secret diplomacy have returned, if, indeed, they ever really left us, and little is known with accuracy about the results of the visits. The relations of her neighbors to Bulgaria had not been very good during the last year, and it was M. Stambulisky's intention to remove the causes of friction. The visit to Bucharest was reported to be eminently successful, but, according to some accounts, the Bulgarian Premier made a bad impression on Belgrade. Statements have been made that an agreement was actually reached between the three States according to which Bulgaria would renounce all claims to Macedonia, put down the raiding gangs about which so many complaints have been made by Jugo-Slavia, and would guarantee benevolent neutrality in case of a Russian attack on Roumania, while Roumania and Jugo-Slavia would support the Bulgarian claim to Dedeagatch. It is doubtful whether anything in the nature of so definite and detailed an agreement can possibly have been arrived at between the three States.

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THE debate in the French Chamber on a series of interpellations ended in a curious way and was of considerable significance. M. Poincaré's position is becoming increasingly insecure, as had been shown the previous week by the opposition which developed in the Finance Committee to the Government Budget proposals. The opposition had obviously prepared a further attack in force over the interpellations. M. Poincaré, on the eve of his departure for Lausanne, came down to the Chamber and met it with a long and detailed oration. It was the intention of the Government to demand the continuation of the debate and a formal vote of confidence. But the situation in the Chamber became so heated and so confused that in the end the Government had to be content with an unexpected compromise, the postponement of all the interpellations for a month. This was, in effect, a decision to postpone the consideration of the internal problems, which, to say the least, have somewhat shaken the Government, until after the conferences of Lausanne and Brussels.

M. POINCARÉ's final speech was mainly devoted to a restatement of his position on the reparation question in view of the Brussels Conference. He made it clear that he stands rigidly on the ground of "French rights." The best and the "classical" way for Germany to pay her reparation debt, he said, was by a foreign loan. But France would insist upon two conditions: the loan must be mainly devoted to the payment of reparations, and, secondly, as he put it, "we will not give up our pledges except to creditors who, in paying us, are substituted for us, and we will not give up those pledges except in proportion to such substitution." Again, he would only agree to a moratorium on condition that he was given compensation in the form of the seizure and realization of German property over which the Treaty gives France a general mortgage. M. Poincaré ended by referring to the recent speech in which M. Loucheur had said that, if he had to choose between reparation and security, he would choose security. "Faced by that tragic choice," said the Premier, "I, too, would vote for security; but I am unwilling to make the choice. The pledges of our security are at the same time the best pledges for reparation, and we will not abandon them until we have been paid, and in case of need we shall know how to use them."

* * *

THE immediate sequel to the American election is one of the most surprising things in recent political history. In no quarter is it denied that the Ship Subsidy Bill was one of the rocks upon which the Republican Party went to pieces this month. Yet the President has this week called Congress together in special session for the single purpose of resubmitting a measure that is almost universally opposed. His speech summarized an amazing situation and an alternative of what he called "grim actuality." The total American merchant fleet, Mr. Harding explained, now totals about 12½ million tons, of which more than half is Government owned, while about 2½ million tons is operated by the Federal Government through the U.S. Shipping Board. The net annual loss to the Treasury is 50 million dollars; and this loss, Mr. Harding admitted, is simply dead loss. If Congress refused the Subsidy Bill, with its scheme of Government aid to American companies, whose accounts would be strictly audited, the Administration, Mr. Harding pointed out, would have to make the choice between scrapping the entire fleet or continuing to work on the present ruinous terms. His speech was a despairing appeal, made to a sceptical Congress just about to make way for an implacable one.

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WE recommend our readers to pay an early visit to Messrs. Agnew's Loan Exhibition of Old Masters, in support of Lord Haig's appeal for ex-service men. The collection is a small one, and that is its beauty. Indeed, it is the small pictures which, by virtue of their perfection, a little dwarf the large ones. There is, for example, a Vermeer, of which it is enough to say that there is nothing in the world like the sight of an unknown Vermeer (except the sight of another one). Perhaps "The Lute Player" is not quite as dazzling a thing as other Vermeers, but it is exquisite enough to repay long gazing and a renewed examination of the question of what perfect painting consists in. The Rembrandts are also astonishing. It is enough to mention the picture of the painter's little son Titus (the bright pallor of his face shining bewitchingly out of his red curls), with the study of the wrinkled and apple-cheeked old writing-master of Amsterdam. There is also a very fine and spiritual Andrea del Sarto.

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEW SITUATION IN POLITICS.

"Truly it is high time that this same beautiful notion of No-Government should take itself away. The world is daily rushing towards wreck while that lasts. If your Government is to be a constituted Anarchy, what issue can it have? Our one interest in such Government is, that it should be kind enough to cease and go its way, before the inevitable arrives. The question, who is to float atop nowhither upon the popular vortexes, and act that sorry character, 'the carcass of the drowned ass upon the mud-deluge,' is by no means an important one for anybody—hardly even for the drowned ass himself."—CARLYLE, *The New Downing Street*.

Now that Carlyle's Government of the drowned ass has become a literal fact in British politics, in place of an inspired forecast, and that it has even gotten to itself a seeming majority of some eighty votes over the more animate parties in the House of Commons, it may be of some service to consider what the country is going to do with it. Let us make a preliminary and a somewhat cheering observation. The Government is by no means so solid a thing as it seems. By infinite labor, by a clever act of substitution by which it persuaded the electors that it was something quite different from the Coalition, instead of the more cunning part of it, by the expenditure of a good deal of money, and the propagation, we are afraid, of a fair number of lies at the expense of its chief opponent, it has contrived to collect the suffrages of about two-fifths of the voters, and of considerably less than a third of the registered electorate. That is the first measure given of the surface acceptability of the Prime Minister and his colleagues to the British people. But it is by no means the only one. Had it not been for the quarrel of two forces which, though by no means identical either in character or in aim, inherit the same general political tradition, and are bound, sooner or later, to travel in each other's company, there would have been no Bonar Law Government at all. Setting the characterless Lloyd George faction on one side, the votes recorded for the Liberal and Labor parties outnumber by about a million and a quarter those entrusted to Mr. Law's keeping. Even that is not all. The Government has obtained power on the cheapest terms possible, even at a British General Election. According to Mr. Humphreys' calculation, Mr. Law has contrived to enrol a supporter on an average strength of 18,110 votes; while Mr. MacDonald and his associates have had to muster 30,672 votes in order to elect one Labor member; and Mr. Asquith to assemble as many as 49,244 votes before he could secure a single representative of Liberalism. Where then is the Ministerial mandate? Say that the new Government represents property and its fears, or the reserves of the more conservative intellectualism, or the national desire to escape from the miasma of Lloyd Georgism into a somewhat cleaner air. That is about all the spiritual foundation it can boast. On the other hand, it represents neither the numbers of the people nor any shade of their political thought. It is largely the product of chance; of an incalculable turn of the electoral wheel; and of a division, temporary, and in no sense fundamental, of the progressive forces. Two questions must govern this Parliament. The first is the condition of England question. The second (and dominating) one is the condition of Europe question. Mr. Law's Administration is disabled, by origin no less than character, from dealing with either.

If, therefore, we seek a guide to the history of the new Parliament, we must look to the character of the

Opposition no less than to that of its appointed leaders. And that happens, in its principal section at least, to be of exceptional strength. The Labor Party has at length achieved the promise of its second birth. The graft of moderate Socialism on to the old trade unionist stock has produced a virile plant, a slip of democracy of which, *pace* Mr. Shaw's depreciation, Radicalism, its parent tree, may well be proud. For the first time the cause of the British peoples, apart from the special interests of landowning, banking, industrial and commercial management, and mere idling, makes an adequate appearance in the Mother of Parliaments. Take the *personnel* of the Labor Party. We are not admirers of Mr. Sidney Webb's political method. But he is the most accomplished political Englishman alive. He and Mrs. Webb are the historians of social democracy in England; and he is the prime author of the great educational advance which assures its future. Mr. MacDonald ranks with Mr. George as a platform orator, and with Mr. Churchill as a master of Parliamentary debate, and he is better versed than either in the science and the practical business of European politics.

But the power of the Parliamentary Labor Party resides specially in its knowledge of the condition of the British peoples. It is not a revolutionary organization. Its electoral programme was a moderate one, couched in strictly constitutional language, to nineteen-twentieths of which a Liberal of the modern constructive school can subscribe. Its fiscal expedient of the Capital Levy is open to criticism, but not, as Mr. Law's partial endorsement of it shows, to the charge of confiscation. Its two tentative schemes of nationalization or collective control are not new ideas but old ones, falling well within the capacity, or even the experience, of Capitalist States. The railways were nationally controlled during the war, the mines very nearly came under State regulation long after the war had come to an end. These are matters of psychology—in which the Labor Party is not especially strong—of time and fitness, rather than of principle. The importance of the new situation in Parliament is that it is *real*. The plea of the "workers with brain and hand" to have a hearing is represented as it has never been represented before. If the new Government—inconspicuous as an intellectual force, and representative in the main of the possessing classes, and the ornamental fringe of our society—meet this plea with mere denial, they will be snowed under in argument, and their weakness in the constituencies will expose them to continual rebuffs and to final defeat.

Nevertheless, the Labor Party, though its advent greatly enriches the representative system, is still not a fully representative body. There remains the Liberal Party, now the embodiment of the middle mind in politics, of a good deal of enlightened industrialism, and of not a little idealistic feeling. It is absurd to talk of a party as dead which, in the act of shaking off the Lloyd George complex, has almost doubled its voting power and its members in Parliament. Two million and a half voters are a pretty sound health certificate; and, in fact, when the idea of the next progressive Government presents itself, it will be impossible, the English Constitution being what it is, to ignore the contribution that Liberalism can make to it. Labor can only hope to govern without a revolution if it possesses the power of standing up against the certain sabotage of the House of Lords. That power Liberalism, with an agreement on programmes, can supply. But there is a condition. If the Liberal Party decides for the capitalist system without modification, and consents in heart and in policy that for another generation the workmen shall

remain what they are to-day—landless and propertyless “hands,” men of the mine and the machine, ill-housed and half-educated, only fairly fed and clothed, and intermittently employed—the workmen and the idealists at least will have little more to say to it. The Tories can do that beneficent police work, and much will it profit them. But the Liberal Party must make its turn to the Left and not to the Right. Once that step has been taken, its future is clear. The Parliamentary party has suffered a cruel loss in the absence of the loyal and most serviceable leadership of Sir Donald Maclean. But it possesses two great advantages. It knows the House of Commons tradition as Labor does not, and its existence as a moderating but still a progressive force is a guarantee against Labor’s great danger, which is an English *Fascismo*. Mr. Clynes spoke some wise words last Monday in the ears of his following of the Extreme Left, now under some temptation, in its revolt against the doctrine of “tranquillity,” to make a bear-garden of the House of Commons. All that is false glamor. Labor in Opposition has to make good like other parties. Its business is to persuade, to explain, to prepare the intelligence of the country to accept a revision of the social contract. If Labor is to gain a stronger backing among the industrial and commercial classes than it now possesses, it will need all the self-discipline that its new and brilliant Parliamentary leader is well able to impose. But it will also want allies to stand with it in the day when money, and prejudice, and the conservative instinct, and the Press with its vulgar arts, combine once more to bring about the reaction.

GERMANY AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

DR. WIRTH’S Government has been upon the point of collapse so often and so long that its actual disappearance has come almost as a matter of surprise. But though this strange, ill-assorted, well-meaning Government has fallen, the causes of its fall remain. That fact is of immense importance not only for Germany, but for all Europe. Unless and until Germany, somehow or other, can obtain a stable Government, capable of shaping a course and of pursuing it with some directness through the political and economic tempest, the helpless drift towards economic collapse and political upheaval must continue. Unfortunately it is extremely improbable that this drift will stop because one Chancellor leaves the helm and another takes it. The same waves and currents which for so many months forced the unhappy Dr. Wirth to go zigzagging round and round a vicious circle have in the last week already begun to affect the course of his successor, Dr. Cuno, even before he formed his Government, and it is certain that his fate will be the fate of Dr. Wirth unless the deeper causes of German political instability are removed. That is why it is so important that the causes of the recent Cabinet crisis should be understood in this country, for, in so far as they depend upon the external policy of Britain and France—and in part they do so depend—our Government should use all its power and influence to remove them.

There were two things which paralyzed the Government of Dr. Wirth and finally killed it, and, though for the purpose of understanding them they should be considered separately, it should never be forgotten that they are intimately connected. One is, of course, the eternal reparation question, and the other is the hopeless instability of the political parties.

Every German Government which has come and gone since 1919 has found the Treaty of Versailles a poison which dried up the springs of political action and produced first coma and then death. And the policy of France, in the wake of which our Government has allowed itself to be dragged, however reluctantly, has always acted to increase the virulence of the poison and to paralyze the Government. The case of Dr. Wirth is typical. Even “Le Temps” usually had a good word to say for Dr. Wirth. On the reparation question, which is the alpha and omega of all things, the late Chancellor stood for “fulfilment,” his Government stood for “fulfilment,” the three parties which formed his Government each stood for “fulfilment.” Yet if the Allies had deliberately aimed at making “fulfilment” of the reparation clauses and the position of the Government impossible, their policy could hardly have been more effectual. And this does not apply only to the reparation policy proper, the policy of demanding fantastic sums which have created the economic nightmare of the plunging mark and the soaring prices; it applies even more to the general attitude to and treatment of Germany. Internally the position of any German Government must at the present time be extremely difficult. In Parliament it must inevitably, as we shall show later, stand upon very shaky foundations, while outside it finds itself between the Scylla of militarist and monarchist reaction and the Charybdis of Communism. The Kapp Putsch and the campaign of political assassination revealed by the Rathenau murder showed the reality of the danger on the extreme Right, but nearly all Germans are convinced that upon the extreme Left there lurks a no less real danger which at any moment may be galvanized into activity by the fall in real wages and by unemployment. The war and the four years of peace have so weakened the political and economic moral of Germany that she is not in a condition to withstand any more shocks, whether from a monarchist Putsch or a Red revolution. A moderate, Republican, democratic Government, like that of Dr. Wirth, was therefore a bulwark against the anarchy which really threatens Germany, and, if Allied policy had been directed by even moderately wise statesmanship, it would have been treated as such by France and Britain. It never was so treated: in the Saar, in the occupied territory, in Upper Silesia, in every minor question connected with the execution of the Treaty or with the meeting of international conferences, the Allies’ policy towards the German Government consisted mainly either of stupid pinpricks or vindictive injustice. This played straight into the hands of the reactionaries, and frustrated every effort of the Government to strengthen its position internally.

All this had, and will continue to have, the gravest effects upon the parliamentary situation. The German Reichstag is suffering from that European epidemic parliamentary disease to which we have so often had to direct attention in these columns. The strength of parties is so evenly balanced that no party has anything approaching a parliamentary majority. A Coalition Government is inevitable, but a stable Coalition Government is almost impossible, because, if it is to have a working majority, it has to unite in one Cabinet parties which both in principles and practice are bitterly opposed. The Wirth Government lived its whole life in this hopeless situation, which was periodically worked up into an acute crisis by the reparation question and Allied policy. The Government was a coalition of three parties, the Democrats, Centre, and Majority Socialists. Even so it had no real

working majority, and, if it was to obtain one, it had to "widen its basis," to take into its bosom either the German People's Party on the Right, or the Independent Socialists on the Left, or both.

Over and over again Dr. Wirth attempted unsuccessfully to form this "wider coalition" which was to give him a working majority in the Reichstag and allow him to face the reparation question squarely. The only moment at which it really looked as if he might possibly succeed was during the wave of feeling which swept over the country immediately after Rathenau's murder. The cause of his failure was the fact that, in order to succeed, he would have had to unite in one Government two parties, the German People's Party and the Socialists, whose political principles were diametrically opposed. During the last few months this fact could no longer be concealed. When the Majority and Independent Socialists united in one party and the two bourgeois parties of the coalition, in self-defence, formed the strange *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* or working agreement with the German People's Party, it became clear that the Government must either split or widen its basis by taking in the German People's Party. For no Government could continue to exist composed of two hostile groups, one of which had just absorbed a party in opposition and the other of which had allied itself against its own partner with a party which that partner refused to admit into the coalition.

The Government split and the Cabinet resigned. It is important to note the final causes of its dissolution, for they show clearly the connection between the political instability on the one hand and the reparation question and Allied policy on the other. It was Herr Stinnes who struck the last blow which killed the Government. The Socialists' suspicions of the German People's Party, the party of the large industrialists, centre in the reparation question. The Socialists stand for a policy of "stabilizing the mark"; they suspect the industrialists of not really supporting this policy and of proposing to place all the sacrifices, which the economic situation and the Allied demands require, upon the shoulders of the working classes in the form of longer hours, lower wages, and unemployment. Two weeks ago it looked for a moment as if Dr. Wirth might possibly overcome these difficulties and suspicions and induce the Socialists to agree to a coalition with the German People's Party. Herr Stinnes chose this moment to deliver a speech in the Economic Council of the Realm, which was interpreted as an attack upon the "stabilization plan" and upon the eight-hour day. He gave no hint that the industrialists were prepared to make any sacrifices, but he addressed his advice to the workers as follows: "People cannot lose a war and hope to be able to work two hours a day less than before; you must work, and work again, and yet again work." The answer of the Socialists was a categorical refusal to admit the German People's Party into the coalition.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE new House of Commons compares very interestingly with the old. It is, to begin with, emphatically a new House; 249 members take their seats in Parliament for the first time. Therein, indeed, it is less novel than its predecessor, for in the House of Commons created by Mr. Lloyd George in 1918, no fewer than 287 members (the Sinn Fein members apart) were new to parliamentary life. The difference is twofold. Most of the new members take their seats under

labels that mean something definite; only those who still owe allegiance to Mr. Lloyd George are partakers in a political mystery. The coupon, in fact, is virtually obsolete, and with its passing we return to a politics in which the affiliations of members will settle policy.

The most striking feature of the new House is the great stride in numbers taken by the Labor Party. But it is not a stride in numbers only. In the old House it contained 73 members who were, with five exceptions, all trade union officials. In the new it contains 141 members, whose professions may be grouped as follows:—

TABLE I.

Miners	42	Textile Workers	4
T.U. Officials (Other than Miners)	37	Railwaymen	4
Engineers	13	Lawyers	3
Journalists	10	Doctors	2
Teachers	9	Clergy	2
Employers	8	Clerks	1
Rentiers	5	Authors	1

Forty members of the party were therefore elected on grounds other than those of trade union affiliation—a notable advance to a really national outlook. And of those forty, not a few, like Mr. Sidney Webb and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, have already played an important part in the political life of the country. It is significant that more than half the journalists and teachers who are in the House of Commons belong to the Labor Party. It is also significant that of those who may be expected to play an important part in debate, all, except Mr. Clynes and Mr. Thomas, belong to the non-trade union element. The Labor electorate has, in fact, rejected Mr. Lloyd George's warning to beware of the "intellectuals." Of the four University teachers who are members of the party not one, it is interesting to note, comes from either Oxford or Cambridge.

The remainder of the House does not differ, save in details, from its predecessor. In the absence of the usual Parliamentary guides it has been a little difficult to discover with exactness the affiliations of the various members. The following table only pretends to such accuracy as may be gleaned from the very brief biographies in the "Times." The figures in parentheses refer to the similar totals in the last Parliament:—

TABLE II.

Landowners	137	(115)	Army	17	(50)
Lawyers	77	(102)	Navy	5	(12)
Insurance			Doctors	8	(10)
Directors	56	(61)	Newspaper Owners and Journalists	23	(10)
Textile	14	(19)	General Manufacturers	93	(138)
Coal	14	(17)	Teachers	18	(6)
Railway and Shipping	28	(30)	Oil	1	(4)
Banks	16	(28)			
Brewers	7	(10)			

Obviously enough, there is no reason to expect any lack of tenderness for business in the new House. The decrease in the number of lawyers is mainly due to the unexpected failure of many Independent Liberal candidates; the increase in landowners to the candidatures of many younger sons of rich rentiers. The decline in the number of soldiers is to be accounted for by the lessened interest in the war-record as distinct from other qualities in the candidate; Captain Gee, for example, whose Victoria Cross won Woolwich for him in 1921 against Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, was beaten by nearly four thousand votes by a candidate who had taken no part in the war.

The new House is an aristocratic House. 164 of its members either themselves possess hereditary titles, or are directly connected with someone who does; of such men one is a member of the Labor Party. In the last

House 158 members were so distinguished; and the reason for the increase is that while only nine heirs to peerages were elected thereto, seventeen heirs to peerages are members of the new Parliament. 124 members were educated at the great public schools, and 96 of them at Eton and Harrow; though this is less than the number (148) in the last House, it is probable that further details will make the totals much the same. 127 members were educated at Oxford and Cambridge, as against 138 in the late Parliament; but, here again, it is probable that fuller details will readjust the proportion. What fundamentally emerges is the fact that a predominantly Conservative House has not failed to draw its main strength from the pluto-aristocracy which gave Mr. Lloyd George his power. It was a combination of wealth and inherited position which secured Mr. Lloyd George his predominance; when its strength was withdrawn Mr. George shrank at once to a shadow of his former self.

One other word may be added. Of the four parties now in the House only two claim to possess progressive notions. That of Mr. Lloyd George is not only, its leader apart, destitute of any figure of national reputation, but most of its members are bound by election pledges to the support of Mr. Bonar Law. Its composition, moreover, is hardly favorable to progressive

notions. Table III. gives the interests of its different members:—

TABLE III.

Professional Politicians ..	2	Soldiers ..	1
Business Men ..	24	Doctors ..	1
Lawyers ..	8	Architect ..	1
Rentiers ..	8	Landowners ..	2
Coal Directors ..	2	Teachers ..	3
Journalists ..	2	Trade Unionists ..	2

The two latter are Colonel John Ward and Mr. G. H. Roberts, who have both for long been out of sympathy with the direction of the trade union movement. The real burden, therefore, of Opposition will fall upon the Labor Party, in particular, and upon the Independent Liberals. Much of the last Parliament was wasted by their futile recriminations. If they are creatively to oppose the present Government, they must examine the relationship of their creeds. If genuine compatibility can be found, the result should be a profound reinforcement of the progressive forces. It will mean that Liberalism will have to revise the foundations of its industrial and financial policy, for the real subject of debate in this Parliament will be the notion of property. If it is unwilling to proceed to that revision, the protection of liberal ideas will lie entirely in the hands of Labor.

H. J. LASKI.

HOW I WON ABERAVON.

By THE CHAIRMAN OF THE PARLIAMENTARY LABOR PARTY.

To explain how Aberavon was fought is really to explain the ordinary electioneering methods of the day. The fight was harder than in most places, the interest may have been a little more widespread, and the proportion of electors who voted may have been well above the average in consequence, but the methods were pretty much the same as elsewhere.

The registers of to-day contain an uncomfortably large number of voters who are interested in the excitement of elections but not in politics, and whose votes depend upon a catchword or a whim or a reputation. The existence of these electors makes stunt issues possible, and drives candidates more and more to fight upon sheer propaganda balderdash such as was printed on the blue bills which were pasted on the walls throughout the country in the interests of Tory candidates fighting Labor. Nine-tenths of the criticisms passed upon the Capital Levy proposal (such as that it penalized thrift, that it was a reduction in industrial capital, and so on) were of the same quality. It looks as though this method of electioneering had come to stay, and the party mainly responsible for this debasement in our political currency is the Tory Party. We have either to reply by following it into misquotation, prevarication, and misrepresentation, or put the method of serious discussion up against it and support it with strenuous will. We tried the latter in Aberavon, and in the end got a political verdict.

I was told that if Mr. Lloyd George came into the constituency he would recall many votes to his standard. He came and attacked me; he spoke in adjoining constituencies and elaborated his attack. The day after he had gone he was forgotten. In the industrial districts of South Wales, any one of a dozen Labor leaders I could name has more influence than Mr. Lloyd George. He has broken the Liberal Party there. Nonconformity is now badly divided. The simpler communities of kindly faith to which religion is a rich promise to the heart, and which are not confused by powerful pews, have left Liberalism, it seems, for good, and have come over to Labor; where the world sits in the pew, that is

not so, but even there the chapel is no longer reviled; ministers must hold their tongues, and religion seems to be more silent or less committal than it was. The sincerely religious Welshman does not like that. Last week the Labor vote cast in Aberavon in 1918 was just doubled, and that was owing, amongst other things, to a great change in Nonconformist sentiment towards Labor. I did not get "Liberal" votes to any appreciable extent, so far as I can judge, but I got the votes of thousands of electors who had been Liberal in 1918 and are now Labor and will remain Labor.

The future of Nonconformity as a living and inspiring force in Wales is trembling in the balance. More, religion is truly democratic, and its inspiration is mainly working-class. The good soul I meet of an evening dispensing spiritual comfort and wealth to his neighbors in sorrow, I meet next day black in face going home from the pit. He cannot separate religion from life because it is life, and when he finds a tightening of materialistic interests upon his chapel, it is of his very faith that he doubts. When a new party arises that makes the East glow anew with a dawning vision, he turns to it. Some of his managers, some of his shop-keeper fellows in the faith, some of his respectable deacons (I say *some*, for this is not true of all), do not share his enthusiasm. He feels it keenly. It seems something like a falling away by the wayside before the end of the pilgrimage. All up the Afan Valley, where there are about 8,500 electors, the sons of workmen preach every Sunday (and many week-days) to working-class people the faith of the poor of simple heart, and all up that valley Liberalism and Toryism both put together did not poll one-third of the electorate. That, as much as the economic pressure of poverty, accounts for the Labor victories in South Wales.

If we are to protect our public life from being swayed by the emotionalism and the ignorance to which the Tory Party made such an unblushing appeal last week, if we are to secure that at elections political issues are to be discussed with some show of reason on both sides, to this great central block of electors must we

appeal. I have never seen in more dramatic juxtaposition than in Aberavon the composition of the Tory Party. During the day in the main street the genteel ones went out shopping in blue to demonstrate the class to which they had assigned themselves, rather than any opinions they held; up to that street at one point a ward of terrible housing conditions came, and, from the blue of the lady in her car, I had only to turn a corner to come upon the blue of the urchin with his shirt hanging out from his trousers, who shouted at me: "Bolshie!" This is the growing significance of the Tory and reactionary strength in this country—the comfortable who desire no change and the social wreckage which has no vision for further voyaging—except to the bottom of a beer-pot. The former vote by instinct, and in the political issues of these days prefer Toryism to Liberalism because the latter is devoid of social reputation. That is one reason why, in Aberavon, the Tory symbol polled double the votes of the old sitting Liberal. My vote came from the middle mass of workers, well educated as a rule, religious, interested in the discussion of real issues.

Nothing in the election was more remarkable than the women's vote. The women crowded their own meetings, and were always a large part of the general ones. They were great listeners; they followed intricate arguments like that in favor of the Capital Levy; they were downright; they are less *blasé* politically than men, and are the finest workers. My Tory opponent put up no political fight, but trusted to a long record of local charity and benevolence. That alone made him formidable, but I do not believe, from evidence in my possession, that the women, especially the poorer ones, who were expected to be much influenced by that irrelevant consideration, were so to any extent. My experience in Aberavon is that the woman elector is seriously facing her responsibilities, and in the bulk is as anxious as men in the bulk to give an intelligent vote on national concerns. Nor does she always vote with her husband. Reports that the husband was to vote one way and the wife another were by no means uncommon, and this, moreover, was often shown by rival window cards. My canvass certainly indicated no greater support from men than from women.

Passing from the personal factors and coming to programme items and their influence on the result, the foundation of the victory was the general disgust with the Coalition Government and the economic effects of its policy. This the Tories tried to counteract by foolish bills about Russia, every one of which only afforded an admirable text for speeches on Mr. Bonar Law's "constitutionalism," the revolutionary influence of reaction, and the blockade.

But the item that started as a menace and grew into a perfect treasure was the Capital Levy. When the Press opened its attack, I felt in doubt as to whether the people at meetings, uncomfortably crowded, would tolerate the somewhat elaborate and complicated arguments and explanations that would be necessary for an effective reply. The result astonished me. As I experimented with economic arguments that increased in their technicality, interest increased. The nature of a National Debt, the incidence of taxation to pay for it, the nature of industrial capital, the effect of a heavy income tax on industrial investment, how the payment of the capital value of an annual income-tax imposition is not confiscation and does not reduce industrial capital—and such matters—were positively devoured by the audiences. I have no hesitation in saying that no

other single item did me so much good and enabled me to turn the election to true educational use as this.

These enormous masses of electors put a terrible strain upon the candidate who fights by purely educational means. But the result of my contest in Aberavon leaves me convinced that a high appeal is a paying one.

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

[We are obliged to hold over till next week Mr. E. M. H. Lloyd's concluding article, "Towards an International Policy."]

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

THANK God, we are a political nation again, with politics becoming fairly clear, fairly definite, as against the smudge of Lloyd Georgism. When the coupon Parliament came in, shallow people insisted that it was the end of the House of Commons. Within four years' time, we have the ablest and freshest House since 1906, and a Government basing itself once more, quite properly and even obsequiously, on the Parliamentary power. How inevitable! And how adventurous! Not a single party but has undergone a dramatic change of composition. There is a young Toryism of aristocratic and engaging, but extremely slender, quality. There is a Labor Party, fresh from a gruelling struggle with low wages and desolating strikes, and yet (save for a toughish band of about a dozen extremists) temperate in its thinking and of a persuasive and knowledgeable cleverness. There is a goodish Liberal Party, perturbed about leadership, but fairly capable, and, I think, of durable consistency. And finally, there is a phantasm of Lloyd George, which, like the shadow in Hans Andersen's fable, must somehow have to pose as the real, corporeal, self.

THERE are many things in this election to be thankful for; but for my part I utter my chief "Jubilate" over Dundee, with a kind of minor "Lauds" in respect of Greenwood. There is nothing personally despicable about Mr. Churchill; a certain gallantry, no less than a real accomplishment, marks him out from the type of small rodent who came in with Mr. George and whose exit or entrance no sensible man need mark. He is simply a public danger; and his going denotes something off the definite risks of our State life. That being so, the manner of his going is as significant as the event itself. I know little of Mr. Scrymgeour, except that he is an enthusiast, and I like enthusiasts. But it was not really Mr. Scrymgeour who broke Mr. Churchill. It was Mr. Morel. And Mr. Morel was one of the men who were unjustly dealt with when an honest and humane opinion about the war and the peace was more necessary to the nation than an indiscriminating zeal for the one, accompanied by a total indifference to the character of the other, so only it were hard enough. Mr. Churchill has been pre-eminently our Man of War, and no shining success at that. And it was therefore fitting that Pacifism even more than Laborism should have given him his fall.

As for the Government, it looks a good deal stronger than it is. Its great feat was to impose itself

on the electorate as something new, fresh, honest, decided, and united in place of a stale, tricky, wavering, and all-to-pieces Coalition. In this it succeeded; but dominoes and false noses can't be worn for ever, and when they are taken off the children will find it was their Old Uncle after all. And there were some others who were never deceived. The Government, for example, reckons its majority at about 75. But this is by no means an exact calculation, for out of the 89 members who voted at the Carlton for keeping the Coalition going, only about half gave in their allegiance to the Bonar Law Administration. The remainder were unpledged, and not really acquiescent, and of these about 30 or 40 reappear in the new Parliament. What is their attitude? None too cordial. They wear their rue with a difference, as the Prime Minister will discover.

THE great Liberal loss is in Sir Donald Maclean. It will be irreparable until the party insists on repairing it and in bringing him back again. For things will be difficult. A delicate relationship exists with the other and the larger part of the Opposition that only a genius for intangible but very important things such as Sir Donald possessed can establish on a good and self-respecting basis. Mr. Asquith is not made for this spade work, and will not attempt it. Sir John Simon lacks the humanity, and has a divided interest; while his technical skill, great as it is, has never set itself to acquiring the temper and to mastering the forms of the House of Commons. All men who care for progress look to see an organ of Government shape itself gradually out of the new material, unassorted as it now seems to be. Of that process Sir Donald Maclean is an almost indispensable agent.

As for the election, it is too big and too recent an affair to analyze out, so I subjoin a few bare impressions, chiefly sought from campaigners who were either Liberal or of a Liberal complexion.

MR. MOSLEY:—

The battle was fought in the main on the candidate's refusal to accept either the Tory label or any share in responsibility for pre-war politics. He was for the new times and a new policy adapted to them. The Capital Levy he treated critically, but as an open question. He would not look at "tranquillity," and ridiculed the Bonar Law speeches. The Tory headquarters fought him for all it was worth, and 150 motor-cars were sent into a constituency that only once returned a Liberal. Nevertheless, he gained a proportion of the (young) Tory vote, and in addition to the Liberals, most of the women, and practically all the Labor men, who were enthusiastic. He thought the electors were becoming singularly detached from party, and were looking for a fresh lead.

A LIBERAL Member who won a seat in Scotland:—

"I got the Labor vote, and got it (among other reasons) through a perfectly straight talk on the Capital Levy. I told the Labor men that I did not regard it as an inspiration from heaven, for it was an old and quite a feasible method of paying off a debt, and its application was a matter not of principle but of proper time and opportunity. Therefore, I said that I held myself free to vote for it on my own judgment as to merits and timeliness. My election was a close and continuous political argument, and I fought a strong fight for a positive and advanced programme. Most of my successful colleagues have much the same tale to tell."

MR. RUNCIMAN writes me:—

"North Northumberland had been untested for twelve years, and redistribution made it very large and a

new shape. The agricultural districts nearly all supported us, excepting the women in some parts. In the four small towns the ex-Service men rallied to the National Liberal Captain; and the publicans worked very hard against me and made it largely a liquor election, although I was only a local veto man—not even a Scrymgeour! The khaki feeling was very strong; and women, alas! were afraid that we were going to be too gentle with Germany. The men were able to understand the necessity for Treaty revision; the women scarcely ever. The confusion between Liberal and National Liberal was bothersome, and gave the ex-Service clubs, the pubs, and the khaki influences their chance.

"It is notable that where we won seats elsewhere our candidates were mostly ex-soldiers."

MR. KENWORTHY writes:—

"The Conservatives made tremendous efforts to win back the seat (Central Hull). Sir George Younger came back especially for the contest, and a tremendous army of supporters and canvassers were imported into the division. They had 140 motor-cars on polling day, some of which had come from as far away as Liverpool and Southampton. A tremendous campaign of calumnies was launched against me, I do not say by the candidate or his agent, but by the more bigoted of their followers. They put it about that I was a Russian Jew, a Polish Jew, a German, a Sinn Féiner, an Atheist, and of course an Anarchist, a Bolshevik, and a Communist.

"They even tried to attack my naval record; but unfortunately for them there were several men in the division who had served with me at sea, and this boomeranged back to them with deadly effect.

"We, on our part, had only ten motor-cars of sorts, and two ponies and traps, and no help from outside except that Sir John Simon spoke one night at a magnificent rally for the whole city. I went bald-headed for the policy of reconciliation, and enlargement of the League of Nations to include all peoples; also for peace and for local option; also for peace and trade with, and recognition of, Russia. The people rose to this every time, and the enthusiasm on our side was tremendous. On polling day workers came forward in crowds. Many of the working classes had difficulty in getting into the polling booths owing to the crush. After they had had their tea they crowded in solidly, and we have had an enormous poll. The women were particularly enthusiastic.

"I was supported by the Roman Catholic Irish, the Jews, the Free Churches, the British Legion, the Merchant Service Guild, the Amalgamation of Marine Workers, and I really believe 90 per cent. of the sea-going and laboring population. We had nearly 2,000 out-voters against us. The better-class artisans' dwellings seemed to be solid for us; and part of the poorest districts were against, owing to slanders.

"I think the lesson is that bold policy, the exact reverse of that of the Coalition in 1918, will win hands down everywhere."

MR. BONWICK, the victor in the Chippenham division:—

"I fought especially on the League of Nations, peace, free trade, and national economy, subject to fair play for the children."

THE most amazingly correct forecast of an election I have ever seen was that made by Mr. Sidney Arnold. It was worked out with careful reference to the candidates, the electorate, and the issues, and, having been fixed a few days before the poll, was never varied:—

Unionist	354
L. G.	54
Wee Free...	57
Labor	141
Others	9
				615

THE riddle of Lord Crewe's appointment to Paris is a little hard to read. It shows a certain liberality of

gesture in which the Government may desire the public to discern their willingness to vary the conventions of the party system. Clearly we are not going back to partisanship in diplomacy. But then it never did hold very rigorously; and there must be something special in the passing over of so brilliant a professional as Sir George Grahame. Lord Crewe is a highly accomplished man of amiable address, and Paris likes distinction; and he is of Cabinet rank and quality. But he is also a Liberal, with Liberal views of European policy. I should therefore call his selection a delicate hint, to which in this changing hour France may not be unwilling to respond. At all events, let us hope so.

It might be well for the Opposition to discover what has happened over the representation of Egypt at Lausanne. What may be called the national delegations have coalesced, while the official representative, who was to have been Sarwat Pasha, has not arrived. That is to the good, for Sarwat would have been a pretty complete mis-representative of the mind of the Egyptian people and of the actual situation in Egypt. What right have we to set up an "independent" Egypt, while we act diplomatically merely through a tool of our own (military) Government, which any form of election would turn down? That is a fiction which the Turks can explode if they will, and which, considering what we have promised, is a parade of our insincerity.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE HORSE SENSE OF DEMOCRACY.

MR. BERNARD SHAW is in good company when he complains that "Everybody is tired of democracy." The "Morning Post" agrees with him, so do Lenin, de Valera, Mussolini, and the Ku Klux Klan. All want to replace democracy by a "conscious minority," conscious of their right to govern as attested by their fitness. And how is their fitness ascertained? Mr. Shaw proposes some purposely unintelligible scheme of electoral panels, membership of which is selective on a test of personal efficiency. But who is to select, and what is the test of fitness for this process? The essence of all these substitutes for popular self-government is a craving for some mode of self-appointment, by which the consciously superior few shall conceal or lubricate the imposition of their authority upon the many. If it must be done, if the many are inherently and eternally incompetent to govern, we prefer the more candid autocracy of Lenin, Mussolini, de Valera, and the "Morning Post" to the more sophisticated way of Mr. Shaw.

It is well, however, that the related issues of the soundness and the feasibility of democracy should be thoroughly explored. For some of its popular supports have undoubtedly been weakened by modern experience. The political philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which inspired the constitution-makers in this country, France, and America, with its assumptions of the natural equality and rationality of man and an easy perfectibility of political institutions

for the expression of an enlightened public opinion, or general will, has been pretty thoroughly exploded by the actual course of history. In all large-scale experiments the organized force, prestige, and cunning of strongly placed and well-endowed minorities have succeeded in maintaining substantially intact their supremacy in periods of emergency and things that matter. The candid confession of a life-long believer in democracy, like Lord Bryce, is a sufficient personal testimony to the failure of democracy, at any rate in all large-scale experiments. It fails because the people is too ignorant, too indifferent, too credulous, too irrational, to choose good rulers and to see that they do their work with skill, energy, and honesty.

But there is a confusion in this charge of failure of democracy. It may mean that popular self-government has been tried and works badly, or it may mean that it does not really work at all, that democracy is an empty name, a mere mask of words and institutions under which the same old class rule and class interests contrive to operate. The real indictment, we take it, is a blend of these two charges. If it were merely, or mainly, a matter of improving the machine of democracy, by some method of P.R., the Referendum, and the like, which would secure more accurate or speedier expression for the will of the people, the defects of democracy would be susceptible of ready cure. But if the real trouble consists in the ignorance, or folly, or badness of the mind of the electorate, devices for the more exact expression of the mind might only make the matter worse.

Now, most thoughtful people will agree that in politics the low calibre of the average electorate is the root malady. But they will differ upon two salient points: the degree in which this defect is remediable by education and improved environment, and the dangers attending any other modes of presumably "better government," based upon the will of a strong minority. Democrats have usually found the latter the easier line of defence. "Self-government is better than good-government" has been their challenging paradox, by which they mean that the taking of conscious responsibility, including the opportunity to make mistakes and learn by them, is the prime condition of all good character and conduct in every sphere of life. But it is a hard saying, and has never been admitted to apply to emergencies, when a long-run view is held invalid on the ground that a short-run dictatorship is needed to protect the course and make a long run possible. Here, of course, is the political challenge of War, and it is strongly arguable that everywhere the deep underlying cause of war is the desire of the ruling, owning oligarchy to stem the oncoming tide of political and economic democracy by putting up the strong shield of dictatorship. Their secretly dominant motive is the maintenance of power. But this motive screens itself behind the plausible conviction that the people is inherently incapable of good government.

The case for democracy rests, it is urged, upon the existence of an informed, reasonable, dispassionate, public-spirited electorate. Now look at the unit of any electorate, the ordinary citizen-voter. What is his political mind worth? Take first his interest in politics. In 90 per cent. of cases it is insufficient even to induce him to attend a meeting or read an electoral address. Even if he is whipped up to some sporting interest in a campaign, what is that worth as the basis of an intelligent judgment upon the tangle of complicated issues—industrial, financial, foreign—thrown out for him to settle by his vote? We know well what the mind of the perfect voter ought to be. The pictures in his

head (to adopt Mr. Lippmann's serviceable phrase) would accurately correspond with the facts of the outside world. The issues of policy would be represented in well-marked images, not only reflecting accurately the matters of domestic importance in his own country, such as unemployment, housing, taxation, Free Trade, education, but straightening out the ravel of Turkey and the Balkans, French militarism, the stabilization of the mark, methods of restoring European trade, oil politics, the forces favoring or deterring the entrance of Russia and the United States into the commercial and political society of nations.

The perfect voter would not only have sound information upon all these topics, but his reasonable mind would weave his several judgments upon them into the pattern of a national policy, with due regard, not only to immediate security and progress, but to a far-sighted view of national welfare. In this process his well-furnished and well-balanced mind would assign their proper precedence in time and value to the several points of a sound political programme for the new Parliament. His own personal interests would not be allowed to intrude upon the performance of his civic duty, and he would submit all the party proposals and their candidates to an impartial scrutiny of fitness. In assigning his vote he would have proper regard to the past performances of the parties, the pledges they respectively offer for the future, and the probability of their fulfilment.

How remote is the mind of the actual voter from this ideal! The pictures on that mind are for the most part wildly distorted caricatures of truth, put upon him by the unscrupulous propaganda of Press and party, and accepted, partly from sheer ignorance, partly from emotional credulity. For the most part his politics are vapid phrases, picked up casually, subjected to no reflection, and representing certain fears, hates, hopes, and partisanship. Of many of the most important issues his mind has no picture; it is merely vacant. The vast majority of votes are cast, it is maintained, by men and women whose minds are in this state. The Parliament and Government erected on this mental bog-land must be unutterably rotten. For must not the voter make political gods in his own image? The political stream cannot rise higher than its source.

But in point of fact, somehow—perhaps by some subtle cancelment of defects, but possibly by the assertion of some saving grace of popular wisdom—things do not turn out so disastrously as this analysis of working democracy would indicate. In the first place, it is not true, as the "Morning Post" scornfully avers, that the scavenger has just the same effective voice in politics as the learned Master of a College. If the latter has real learning, available for political wisdom, and not, as is commonly the case, passion and prejudice fed by jaundiced history and bad philosophy, he has ample opportunity for influencing the minds and votes of multitudes of voters, through the intellectual middlemen who pass through academic life. Equality of voting does not mean equal distribution of political power, irrespective of political aptitude. Nowhere is this truth shown clearer than in the recent elections. Everywhere a well-organized, convinced, informed, and enthusiastic minority was able to sway a large body of otherwise indifferent electors. This has its dangers, but it disposes completely of the notion that the elected Parliament reflects, or even tends to reflect, the political mentality of the ignorant or indifferent majority. Actual democracy is a struggle between conscious, intelligent minorities to capture and poll this majority.

Many of the incidents and practices in this struggle are base and irrational, but that is a wholly different charge from the one which forms our present inquiry.

But there is another and a saving factor of the situation, the presence in the electorate at large of what is rightly known as "common sense." It is not well informed, does not reason closely, does not affect even to apply plain moral standards, but when it is allowed scope to operate, it sizes up candidates and even programmes, detects palpable humbug, pretentious ignorance, and self-seeking ambition, and turns them down. This common sense, a half-instinctive, self-protective, and collective feeling, working roughly through compromise, giving the other side a chance, not pushing any principle too far—in fact, carrying on the ridiculed policy of "muddling through"—may be truly regarded as the "horse-sense" of democracy. It works well when it is given a chance, and practical reformers will do well to pay attention to its opportunities. Where, for example, all the candidates can be got upon a common platform to expound their views upon some single topic of importance, as was done occasionally in the late elections, you have an invaluable opportunity for this impartial sizing up of personal quality which common sense demands for its successful play. We would not decry the value of other serious attempts to educate the elector, and make him want to know the sort of things he does not really care about. But this process will always leave the formal decision with the relatively ignorant and thoughtless majority. It is well, therefore, to endeavor to find means for utilizing to the full the genuinely saving grace of common sense, which we rightly claim as a peculiarly British quality.

THE HEART OF VOLTAIRE,

It is now getting on for two centuries since Swift, at the age of sixty, published "Gulliver," and added to our language its greatest satire. All the world knows about that, but one does not always remember that Voltaire, the greatest satirist of France, was living in England at the time; and we imagine that very few know that for three months he was living with Swift himself. Certainly the present writer did not know it until he read an extract from the Diary of a Major Broome who visited Voltaire at Ferney, nearly forty years later. Mr. Lytton Strachey gives the extract in his essay upon "Voltaire and England" ("Books and Characters," page 117), and there Major Broome says that Voltaire told him of his acquaintance with Pope, Swift ("with whom he lived for three months at Lord Peterborough's"), and Gay, who first showed him the "Beggars' Opera" before it was published. "He says," the diarist continues, "he admires Swift, and loved Gay vastly. He said that Swift had a good deal of the *ridiculum acre*." Why, yes! Swift certainly did have a good deal of biting laughter about him! But we only wish we had further record of those three months when the two great satirists of the world were housed together—the one the master of English prose in the maturity of his genius, having in his pocket, as it were, the masterpiece of his life; the other still little over thirty, already known in Paris as the wit and writer of dramas and verse in the style that Parisians of Louis XIV.'s age most admired, but quite unknown to London, the world, or himself as the greatest master of French prose, and Swift's natural brother in heart and intellect.

English people have lately had fine opportunities of renewing their admiration for Voltaire. There are Mr. Lytton Strachey's three essays—"Voltaire and England," "Voltaire's Tragedies," and "Voltaire and Frederick"; and there is Mr. J. M. Robertson's excellent little volume in the series called "Life-Stories of Famous Men."*. The humorous reader will always go back to those chapters in "Frederick the Great" where, in his narrative of the relations between the satirist and the king, Carlyle is at his most humorous and best. But Carlyle, with all his knowledge and humor, never rightly appreciated the eighteenth century. His artisan birth and the noble poverty of his youth blinded him to the elegant charm of that society, so exquisite in manners, in building, in furniture and frippery. The inborn and ingrained religion of his soul was revolted by the persiflage that shook the foundations of a faith which he himself had long abandoned. Mr. Lytton Strachey can appreciate the charm of that age to the full. And assaults, however shrewd and witty, upon the dogmatic religion of those days have, we suppose, no terrors for Mr. J. M. Robertson. For him, we imagine, Dr. Jowett would be understating the case when he said: "Civilization owes more to Voltaire than to all the Fathers of the Church put together." What (we may think of him saying)—what on earth does civilization owe to all the Fathers of the Church?

But Voltaire's criticism of ancient Hebrew literature and history, though a matter of life and death in his time, hardly concerns us now. It is accepted, and no one troubles about it, except to admit that modern criticism, in which he was among the first leaders, has immensely added to our sense of the beauty in some Hebrew literature, and to our interest in the history of the Jewish race. Voltaire's high services in that respect may now be allowed the tranquillity of a repose such as is granted to his poems, his dramas, and for the most part to his histories, excellent though they are. The poetry and drama alone admired by Paris in that century would not be acknowledged as poetry or drama at all in England now, and hardly even in France. The long line of those works, once so loudly applauded, now rot at ease upon the dustiest shelves of standard libraries. Writing of Voltaire's well-known denunciations of Shakespeare, Mr. Strachey says: "They merely afford a striking example of the singular contradiction in Voltaire's nature which made him a revolutionary in intellect and kept him a high Tory in taste. Never was such speculative audacity combined with such aesthetic timidity; it is as if he had reserved all his superstition for matters of art." It is not the high Tory in taste, it is the revolutionary in intellect, who interests us now. It was due to the revolutionary intellect that, as Mr. Strachey says in his opening sentence, "the visit of Voltaire to England marks a turning-point in the history of civilization."

We do not generally think of our early Georgian period as a time of intellectual emancipation, perhaps because the manner of literature has so much changed—so much that even Pope is denounced by our younger critics as no poet (which may be true), and his superb mastery of style within his own domain passes unrecognized. But at a time when the genius of Pope and of Swift was at its height, and when Gay, Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, and the other wits could all be known, it was emancipation that Voltaire found in England; and it was the message of emancipation that, in his "Lettres Philosophiques," he bore back to Paris, where the book received the honor and publicity always con-

ferred by a public burning. The freedom of discussion in England was a revelation—the freedom of discussion and the comparative freedom of intercourse between classes. For one must remember that just before he arrived in London, Voltaire had been imprisoned in the Bastille for a fortnight because a nobleman had hired a gang of bullies to thrash him for his wit. Soon afterwards (1730) Adrienne Lecouvreur was refused Christian burial for being an actress. Those Letters, with their account of English freedom and English thought—their introduction also of Newton and of Shakespeare's name into Paris—were, we suppose, the first evidence of that enthusiasm for liberty, and of that deadly seriousness in its pursuit, which form the real distinction of Voltaire, the revolutionary of intellect.

For many years after the execution of the "Letters," Voltaire's noblest characteristic appeared to lie almost dormant. The output of his work was enormous, as it continued till the end of his life in a vivacious old age. He poured out his great histories, his so-called dramas, his so-called poems, his laughing criticism of accepted beliefs. And to all this, for two years he added the intolerable task of correcting the verses of Frederick the Great, and trying in vain to make a poet out of a king. Both in Paris and in Potsdam the bubbleblings of his wit got him into trouble, and after, in his "Diatribes du Dr. Akakia," he had flattened out Frederick's chief scientific authority, Maupertuis, "Flattener of the Earth," he was hard put to it where to find a refuge. Even Geneva Switzerland would not receive the laughing critic of the Old Testament, and it was not till he settled at Ferney, in Burgundy, but close to the frontiers, that he found security. Apparently it was in his first year there that he wrote "Candide," perhaps the only one of his amazingly numerous works still widely read, for the perfection of its satire upon optimism and the charming belief that all is for the best. That the author of "Candide" should have to the end persisted in calling himself a Deist or Theist, and should even have maintained a trust in a ruling Providence that watches over mankind, is a remarkable evidence of the truth that "The heart has its reasons of which reason knows nothing."

Still more remarkable is the record how Voltaire's finest nature again emerged and rose to its height when he was nearly seventy. That does not often happen, but there was one quality that Voltaire possessed in common, we think, with all great satirists—certainly in common with Aristophanes and Juvenal, with Swift, and with our two living satirists, Anatole France and Bernard Shaw. That was his detestation of human cruelty. His was not, like Swift's, an indignant disgust at mankind, tempered by personal affection for men and women. It was not a smiling contempt for mankind, like that of Anatole France, tempered by pity. He was perhaps more tolerant than either. He laughed and mocked, but he did not detest or despise. He never glowed with indignation until the sight or report of cruelty kindled his heart. Then his indignation blazed. Then nothing could give him peace until the abomination was exposed, and such wrong as could be righted was wiped out. When superstition prompted cruelty, he saw the two most poisonous devils of hell were combined. Jean Calas's son committed suicide, and the Protestant father was accused of having murdered him to prevent him from becoming a Roman Catholic. He was tortured, had all his limbs broken with an iron crowbar on the wheel, and then was burnt alive. Through Voltaire's energy he was declared innocent by a Supreme Court in Paris three years after his murder. Paul Sirven, a Protestant land-surveyor, whose daughter had been flogged into

* "Voltaire." By J. M. Robertson. (Watts & Co.)

insanity in a Catholic convent and was found drowned in a well, was accused of her murder, and both parents were sentenced to be hanged. Happily, the whole family had escaped over the snow mountains into Switzerland, one daughter dying in childbirth on the way. Eight years later, by Voltaire's energy the verdict was reversed. La Barre, a boy of nineteen, was accused, without evidence, of damaging the wooden crucifix on Abbeville bridge. He was tortured and beheaded; and Voltaire published a full statement of the atrocity. Montbailli of St. Omer was falsely accused of having murdered his mother. He was tortured and broken alive on the wheel. But Voltaire saved his wife, imprisoned upon the same charge, and established the man's innocence. "Ecrasez l'Infâme!" Stamp out the twin devils of superstition and cruelty! That was his repeated cry, and it was in such actions, sacrificing all the common aims and considerations of art and ambition and even life, that the great satirist's nature is displayed at its highest. His service to the gaiety of nations was fine; his service in literary and historic criticism was emancipating; but his indignant and persistent protests against the blind cruelty of religious evil are the noblest titles of his fame.

After recalling such deeds, how ignorant appears Johnson's well-known verdict when questioned about the relative merits of Voltaire and Rousseau: "Why, sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them." It was for such deeds, we may well imagine, that after Voltaire's death, Frederick the Great, forgetting all ancient quarrels, could say: "I pray to him every morning. I say to him, 'Holy Voltaire, ora pro nobis'."

Letters to the Editor.

LIBERALISM AND LABOR.

SIR,—“Wayfarer” in “A London Diary” last week states that a decision for an attack on Liberalism was taken by a majority of one and in my absence.

I have no knowledge as to what decision is referred to, for there has been no discussion by the National Executive of the Labor Party on the question of co-operation with the Liberal Party. For your information I append herewith a copy of a resolution passed at the Annual Conference of the Labor Party held at Edinburgh in June last. This resolution quite definitely declares the policy of the Labor Party regarding election arrangements with any other Party.

“That this Conference, believing that the success of the Labor Party and the realization of its programme will be more assured by the Party maintaining its complete independence as a political force, declares against any alliance or electoral arrangement with any section of the Liberal or Conservative Parties.”

I shall be glad, therefore, if you will allow me this opportunity to contradict the statement which was made in last week's issue of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR HENDERSON.

[We are glad to insert Mr. Henderson's letter, but we do not quite see in what respect it is a contradiction of “Wayfarer's” statement.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

SIR,—May I fill up a few of your lines by drawing attention to the fact that in his effort to travel along both the Liberal and Labor paths at one and the same time the “Wayfarer” has apparently, and not very surprisingly, lost his way?

Firstly, as to facts: on what authority does the “Wayfarer” make the statement that Labor would not have pro-

portional representation? I was certainly under the impression that it was the thirteenth item on their Manifesto.

Secondly, he says: “Faced with a hostile Labor Party, Liberalism has become far too conservative in its thinking.” Surely here the cart has been put well in front of the horse; the Labor Party has become hostile because it has realized the increasing conservatism of the Liberals. It has realized that continued co-operation with the authors of British foreign policy before 1914 and their supporters, now both older and more conservative than then, stultified it in the past, and would disrupt it in the future. The writer of “No Mandate for Toryism” seems to have followed the “Wayfarer” into a similar morass. The Labor Party will find that government, alone and untrammelled, will strain its unity almost to breaking point; but government in co-operation with Liberals varying in purity from Grey or Asquith to Pringle or Ramsay Muir would split it within twelve months, and thus throw power indefinitely into the hands of reaction.

The last Coalition was bad enough, but the next would be infinitely worse, because both sides would have principles which they would not smother, and which could not mix. The result of this ultimately would be the introduction of the class war into open politics, which THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM would probably deplore. This accusation against Labor of its suicidally selfish policy of non-co-operation comes from people who have been permeated by Lloyd Georgian opportunism, though doubtless they would indignantly repudiate any such suggestion.

I believe that Sidney Webb may perhaps be able to see a little further and a little truer than one who can only look at the tactics of the moment. Finally, at the “Wayfarer's” condescending suggestion that it is the Liberal Party's mission to “liberalize Labor; to give it a start in government,” one can hardly suppress a smile. The picture of Lord Grey giving Ramsay MacDonald lessons on “liberalism” in foreign policy, with Mr. Pringle in the background begging Arthur Henderson not to do anything “catastrophic,” is irresistibly comic.

May I finish up by paying a sincere tribute to the open-mindedness which THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM shows by giving so much space to the views of writers of political coloring different from its own (as here, for instance, “The Great Film”)—Yours, &c.,

R. GRAFTON PERRY.

Stockport.

[We find nothing on proportional representation in the Labor Manifesto.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

SIR,—I am glad to see from your issue of the 18th inst. that I am not the only Liberal who declines to share the faint-hearted, pessimistic view that the political control of the industrial areas has passed to Labor.

Given a good candidate, brought forward in good time, and a good organization, it is often possible—as shown at Huddersfield, Spen Valley, and Penistone—for Labor to be put in its proper place—above Toryism, but below Liberalism. (The municipal elections in Leeds, Bradford, &c., show the same thing.)

That could have been done in other constituencies, e.g., Dewsbury, but for a number of timid Liberals voting Tory “to keep the Labor man out.” Now that it is seen that such action has, in many cases, resulted in the precise opposite of what was intended, it is reasonable to suppose that, at the next election, these truants will return to their party.

I will not deny that the Labor Party may gain such a temporary hold on the industrial areas as to put it into office, but the first British Labor Government will be the last for a very long time, for, as has happened in regard to the municipalities in many places, it is only necessary for Labor to take the reins of power for it to be found out.

The truth is—and the Labor leaders know it, but dare not confess it, for to do so would split the Labor Party from top to bottom—a Labor Government will be on the horns of a dilemma.

It may govern in one of two ways: either wildly and recklessly—were it in power now, its first act would probably

be to subsidize miners' and farm-workers' wages—or moderately and sensibly.

If it choose the first alternative, it pleases those (or the bulk of those) who put it into office, but it alienates with record rapidity the balancing voter.

If it choose the second—and I notice that even Mr. Smillie now admits that a Labor Government could not bring about the Millennium in a few months—it retains (so far as any Government ever does retain) the confidence of the balancing voter, but it infuriates those (or the bulk of those) who put it into office, expecting something very different from steady, ordered progress.

But if a Labor Government rule moderately and sensibly, what justification is there for its existence? It then becomes a mere echo, shadow, or reflection—choose which phrase you will—of a Liberal Government. (It will be recalled that Mr. Philip Snowden said that the 1906 Budget was a more courageous one than a Labor Government would have brought in in its first year.)

The truth is that in this country—I say nothing about others—there is no need for a Labor Party, for, now that the Lords' Veto is curtailed, the Liberal Party can—and, given the opportunity, will—pass each legislative, financial, and administrative reform as the country becomes ripe for it.

Of course, this is not to say that there should be no working men in Parliament. There should; and one would like to see Liberal clubs following the example of Conservative ones, and raising a fund to enable working men to stand for Parliament.

When they got there, they could follow the excellent example of Messrs. Burt, Fenwick, and others, of voting with their party on political questions, but claiming a free hand on industrial ones.—Yours, &c.,

A LEEDS RADICAL.

SIR,—You deplore in your last number the refusal of the Labor Party to co-operate with the Independent Liberals in the recent elections, and assume that this involved the splitting of the progressive vote, with subsequent gains for the Conservative Party.

In the "Yorkshire Post" I came across the following statement in a leading article: "Had a Conservative who headed the poll without a majority of votes been compelled with a Labor man to submit to a second ballot, would the bulk of the Liberal vote have gone to put Labor on top? That it would not is fairly obvious; the tendency would have been in the other direction."

If the "Yorkshire Post" is right, the Labor Party took the only possible attitude. Most of my Labor friends maintain that the real issue is that of Socialism *versus* anti-Socialism, and that on this issue the Liberals are on the wrong side; and they point to the last municipal elections for a proof of their assertion. They tell me that present-day Liberalism is no more really progressive than Conservatism, and that the few Liberals whom personally they would like to see in Parliament cannot be supported until they follow the Trevellyans, Buxtons, &c., and come over to Labor. And I write, sir, to ask you to prove to us, Liberals of yesterday, and (unless the unexpected happens) Socialists of to-morrow, that the "Yorkshire Post" and my Labor friends are wrong, and that the Labor Party can, and should, see in the Liberal Party a friend, moderating, critical sometimes, but fundamentally at one with the ultimate aims of Labor—the elimination of competition as the driving force of our industrial system, and the building up of the co-operative commonwealth to which Parties are but means, not ends in themselves.—Yours, &c.,

Leeds.

PERPLEXED.

SIR,—In the last issue of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM a skilful case was presented for a non-committal alliance between the Liberal and Labor Parties at a General Election. What would result from such a pact should it eventually be arrived at?

In the first place, a Labor candidate returned on a partial Liberal vote would be obliged to consider Liberal opposition to such questions as the Capital Levy and Nationalization, or present his Conservative opponent with

the "weak Liberal" vote. This would tend to modify the Labor programme. *Vice versa*, the Liberal returned on a partial Labor vote would be inclined to "ginger up" his programme. The effect of this levelling up and levelling down would drive Labor into more complete accord with Liberalism. That this might "liberalize Labor" and save Liberalism from Whig domination is true. But equally it would lose Labor its Socialist support, from which its driving power is largely derived.

In short, such an arrangement entails a possible split in the Labor Party which, in view of that Party's success at the polls on an advanced programme, it can scarcely be expected to risk.—Yours, &c.,

N. HANCOCK.

Stratford Road, Salisbury.

[No kind of Liberal-Labor *rapprochement* would, of course, be right or possible without an agreement on a minimum programme, to be executed within a definite period.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

KAUTSKY ON WAR-GUILT.

SIR,—Karl Kautsky's letter on war-guilt in your issue of November 18th is important if only for showing the sheer futility of attempting to arrive at an historical perspective in these days of chaos, lies, and recriminations. Kautsky pleads for German war-guilt and actually implores us to stop making out any other case. He goes so far as to deny that the secret Russian mobilization brought about war, the cause of which he ascribes to the "confusion" reigning in German leading circles. He begs us to leave it to the "historians."

Here we see the almost absurd difficulty of politics. Kautsky, who is the Sidney Webb of German Socialism, wants the blame for the war to be saddled on to Germany, because otherwise his party must lose ground. He is afraid of the monarchical spirit. He is afraid of a return to militarism, and so he actually implores us to stop searching for the truth.

I have known Kautsky and followed his work since 1898. I was present at Hamburg, Mainz, and Lubeck when Bernstein's "revisionism" came up for judgment, and Kautsky, the implacable Marxian doctrinaire, was the fiercest opponent of any revision; Marx, he reasoned, was right. But when Communism appeared in Russia Kautsky was its official denunciator; he tore it into ribbons in his book. He, the official Marxian exponent, rejected Marxianism when applied unconditionally. Now he emerges as the upholder of German war-guilt.

It is the human element at work, as always. Here Socialism seeks to prove that Germany was not guilty; in Germany Socialism pleads to its guilt. The absurdity of this conflicting testimony is obvious. The truth is that war resulted from the system and armed grouping of war for which all were responsible, including ourselves, though largely unknown to the peoples. The recent discovery of the real Russian Yellow Book reveals clearly to what extent France and Russia were co-responsible. The real fiction lies in the propaganda, which started, to my certain knowledge, in propaganda chiefly by Englishmen who had never been to Germany, did not know German, and had no previous knowledge one way or the other, that Germany plotted war to subjugate Europe. The French never took this view, knowing it to be humbug, yet on it the penalties of the Versailles Treaty were imposed; and it is that lie that we must free ourselves from.

In the meanwhile Kautsky may be right in his call to oblivion. The past is over. What matters is the future. What Kautsky means is that if Germany is proved to be only part guilty, as is undoubtedly the case, German Socialists will lose their authority, which chiefly consists in saying to the people: "If you don't have us you will get the militarists again, and quite likely a Kaiser." His letter, historically, is propaganda.—Yours, &c.,

AUSTIN HARRISON.

"NO MANDATE FOR TORYISM."

SIR,—In the article with the above heading in last Saturday's issue, you say: "In the absence of P.R. these parties (i.e., the Liberal and Labor Parties) have been stunted,

or have cheated themselves, of their true measure of representation."

Your argument, as I understand it, is that if the principle of P.R. had been in force, the second vote of the Liberals in a triangular contest would have been given to the Labor candidates and *vice versa*. You give as an illustration of a constituency which has thus been "cheated out of its true measure of representation," Central Glasgow, where the Prime Minister failed by four votes to obtain a majority over the combined Liberal and Labor vote. Now if this argument is meant to be really a valid one, it must mean that under P.R. not five of the 2,518 electors who voted for Sir George Paish would have given their second vote to the Prime Minister, or abstained from giving their vote at all. Do you seriously believe this?

On p. 272 of the same issue you state "that in many of the results in the straight fights with Tories there is a pretty clear indication that Liberals in large numbers have united with the Tories," and again, in the article headed "The Great Film," also in the same issue, your neutral observer "entirely agrees with the opinion of all the papers that the real dividing line runs between Labor and the rest." Both these statements are entirely inconsistent with the argument that under P.R. a Liberal or Labor candidate would have been returned in those cases where the Conservative has obtained a seat without having a clear majority over the other two parties added together.

At the pre-war General Elections, it might have been fairly argued that on the issue before the electorate, whether it was Tariff Reform or Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, the Liberal and Labor Parties were in general agreement on the one side against the Conservatives on the other, and that therefore a Conservative who obtained a seat on a minority vote did, in fact, misrepresent his constituency. But on this occasion the position has been entirely different. The Labor Party has put before the electorate a definite programme of Nationalization of Railways and Mines, Capital Levy, &c., which is opposed by the Liberal Party as well as by the Conservative. On the other hand, there has been no substantial issue on questions of policy between the Liberals and the Conservatives. It has been a question of men, not measures. A vote for a Conservative candidate meant a vote for a Bonar Law-Curzon Government; a vote for a Liberal candidate meant a vote for an Asquith-Grey Government. In these circumstances, is it not reasonable to suppose that under P.R. the second vote of the Liberal Party would, in the main, have gone in favor of Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Curzon rather than in favor of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Jack Jones?

An examination of the election returns supports this argument. Taking the seats gained and lost by the Conservative Party announced in last Friday's papers, when the bulk of the returns were available, I find that out of forty-four seats gained by Conservatives, in only thirteen cases did the total Liberal and Labor vote exceed the Conservative vote. On the other hand, out of fifty-eight seats lost by the Conservatives either to the Liberal or Labor Party, there were no less than twenty-eight where the successful candidate won his seat by a minority vote. In both cases I have ignored the vote cast for the Lloyd George Liberal candidates, though I don't suppose even you would contend that the second vote of this party would have been given to the Labor candidate in preference to the Conservative. Do not these figures show that the absence of P.R., so far from being an advantage to the Conservative Party, was, on this occasion, precisely the reverse?—Yours, &c.,

[Is not our correspondent confusing P.R. with the Alternative Vote?—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

C. R. V. COUTTS.

PLURAL VOTING.

SIR,—I am delighted at the widespread recognition of the necessity for Proportional Representation even among those who were responsible for the disastrous rejection of it five years ago. But I hope we shall not forget another electoral anomaly, which still exists to an extent that would have shocked Liberals in the old days. Many persons think that

plural voting has been abolished, but I suspect that more people have voted twice at this election than ever before. The allowance to a residential voter of a second "occupation" vote in another constituency (combined with the division of large towns into several constituencies) means that thousands of middle-class voters in London and other places exercise two votes—one for their residence in the suburbs and one for an office or shop in the city. Moreover, although only one such vote is allowed, a man who has this qualification in several towns can, and does, exercise them without much fear of detection.

A single-clause Bill providing, under adequate penalties, that no one should vote more than once at a *General Election*, would largely remedy this anomaly, and is so obviously reasonable that it would be difficult to oppose.—Yours, &c.,

W. S. ROWNTREE.

Endcliffe, Granville Road, Scarborough.

ULTRAMONTANE HISTORIOGRAPHY.

SIR,—I am more than content to leave Mr. Coulton's letter, in your issue of November 18th, to the judgment of such of your readers as may have read (1) his review of Cardinal Gasquet's "Monastic Life in the Middle Ages" in your issue of May 6th; (2) my review of the same book in the July "Dublin Review"; and (3) sections 1 and 4 of the article "Reading" in the "New English Dictionary."—Yours, &c.,

EGERTON BECK.

Lincoln's Inn.

Poetry.

SOLAR ECLIPSE.

OBSERVE these blue solemnities of sky
Offering for the academes of after-ages
A mythologic welkin freaked with white!

Listen: one tiny tinkling rivulet
Accentuates the super-sultry stillness
That drones on ripening landscapes which imply
Serene Parnassus plagued with amorous goats.

Far down the vale Apollo has pursued
The noon-bedazzled nymph whose hunted heart
Holds but the trampling panic whence it fled.
And now the heavens are piled with darkening trouble
And countermarch of clouds that troop intent
Fire-crested into conflict.

Daphne turns
At the wood's edge in bronze and olive gloom:
Sickness assails the sun, whose blazing disc
Dwindles: the Eden of those auburn slopes
Lours in the tarnished copper of eclipse.

Yet virgin, in her god-impelled approach
To Græco-Roman ravishment, she waits
While the unsated python slides to crush
Her lust-eluding fleetness. Envious Jove
Rumbles Olympus. All the classic world
Leans breathless toward the legend she creates.

From thunderous vapour smites the immortal beam. . .
Then, crowned with fangs of foliage, flames the god.

Apollo! . . . Up the autumn valley echoes
A hollow shout from nowhere. Daphne's limbs
Lapse into laureldom: green-shadowed flesh
Writhes arborescent: glamor obscures her gaze
With blind and bossed distortion. She escapes.

CYPRIAN OYDE.

The Week in the City

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE City has derived encouragement from the results of the General Election. There is in business circles a feeling that a homogeneous party Government with a clear working majority means steady government. And when that Government is Conservative, the City, being itself deeply tinged with Conservatism, likes it all the more definitely. The tone of markets is, therefore, good, and several influences, like the hopeful opening of the Lausanne Conference and the recovery of the franc exchange, have also worked in the direction of confidence. Thus investment securities are firm, and Stock Market business, though not heavy, is fairly well distributed over different sections. The ecstatic shout, heard in partisan circles, that good times are coming now, finds only a very faint and cautious echo in sober City circles. I have referred recently to certain evidences, particularly those of the October banking figures, suggestive of a stirring in trade. The October figures of unemployment only support that evidence in so far as they are stationary instead of showing the increase that is seasonal at this period of the year. Optimism with regard to the economic outlook is only justifiable in small and cautious doses; and although enthusiasts may throw their caps in the air, the shrewd City observer is in no way inclined to underrate the difficulties of the economic position, or to expect the impossible in retrenchment or trade improvement from the new rulers of the country. If and when a sound Reparations settlement is achieved, the outlook will (or would) take on an entirely different aspect. Then, perhaps, there might be some justification for throwing silk hats, as well as caps, into the air, though even then we should only be treading the first stage of the long and toilsome road of economic recuperation. There is, it is true, some sign of *rapprochement* between English and French views of this problem, on which two prominent City men have made this week pronouncements to which I refer below. To the belief that *rapprochement* is in the air and that Germany is more willing to face the task of setting her house in order may be attributed the strong improvement in franc exchange, which is the net result of wide fluctuations this week.

A BANKER ON REPARATIONS.

Mr. F. C. Goodenough, Chairman of Barclay's Bank, in a speech delivered on Monday underlined the necessity for an immediate Reparations settlement. "Further delay," he said, "may make a settlement altogether impossible, and in that case a general economic breakdown in Europe may follow, the consequences of which it would be impossible to foresee." Stabilization of the mark he characterized as an essential preliminary to a settlement, and he endorsed the report of the international experts on that problem. It may be deduced from his speech that he is in favor of Great Britain surrendering claims to share in receipts from Germany. Thus he says: "For this country the most profitable form of Reparation might possibly be the restoration of conditions calculated to bring about a recovery in international trade, but for France, Belgium, and Italy specific payments are a *sine qua non* for the rectification of their own financial position." But he is obviously alive to the impracticability of this country withdrawing from the affair altogether, for he stresses the need for united Allied plans. This leads up to the most important point in his address. The rock on which French and British opinion splits at the moment is this: the French hold that in return for necessary concessions the Allies should establish control over German finances; the British deny the possibility of control and would be satisfied with supervision. Mr. Goodenough lucidly and powerfully exposes the impossibility of control and argues for supervision.

On the same day the same problem was approached by Mr. Edgar Crammond on different lines. Mr. Crammond

would fix the Reparations bill at £1,100,000,000, of which £572,000,000 would be allocated to France, £110,000,000 to Italy, £242,000,000 to the British Empire, £88,000,000 to Belgium, and £88,000,000 to other Allies. He would allow Germany a three-years' moratorium, and raise for her an external loan of £200,000,000 for stabilization purposes. The total debt of £1,300,000,000 would require an annual service of about £65,000,000, and this would be made a first charge on the net earnings of State railways, and on export and customs duties. Great Britain should cancel Allied debts owing to her and ask the United States to act in similar manner to France and Italy. Britain, France, U.S.A., Belgium, and Italy should guarantee the external loan to Germany. Mr. Crammond's scheme has excellent points, but it seems to break down definitely in two places, firstly on the size of the external loan, and secondly on the assumption of American willingness to remit French and Italian debt, which, though it may come some day, is certainly non-existent now.

Both contributions to the discussion are useful, but Mr. Goodenough's proposals are the more practical in view of immediate circumstances. To the outside observer the most hopeful point in the Reparations outlook is that the French are coming now to look at the question as an economic rather than a political problem. If this view of the French attitude is correct one may share Mr. Goodenough's hope that Anglo-French views on control and supervision may not prove essentially incompatible. Hopeful also is the determination of Signor Mussolini to employ his vigorous initiative in the attempt to solve the problem. He, apparently, would agree with Mr. Goodenough and all English financiers that an immediate settlement "is of vital necessity to Europe and, indeed, to the whole world."

THE FOUR BRITISH RAILWAY COMPANIES.

The great body of holders of British railway stocks may be pardoned for being somewhat perplexed about what is happening to their interests in the course of all the absorptions and amalgamations that are taking place under the Railways Act. On the whole, it is doubtful whether it is necessary for most of them to undertake the very onerous task of investigating all the immensely complicated arrangements in detail. The upshot of the whole matter is that whereas up to a recent date there were 138 railway companies, there will be, on or before July 1st next, only four companies. This centralization is obtained by the dual process of amalgamation and absorption. The country is divided into four groups. In each group the principal or constituent companies amalgamate with each other and absorb the smaller lines. Both processes are nearing completion. When they are finished the resulting four companies will be: (1) the London, Midland, and Northern; (2) the London and North-Eastern; (3) the Southern; (4) the Great Western. The capital of the four companies, in the order named, will be roughly, £380,000,000, £345,000,000, £145,000,000, and £135,000,000 respectively. It is inevitable that out of all the intricate arrangements complaints should arise, and that some classes of stockholders should consider themselves less favorably treated than others. It is impossible to ensure complete satisfaction all round. But those stockholders who feel themselves a little aggrieved should remember the compensations that they will receive. Among these compensations will be readier marketability, more powerful security, and, in all probability, a far greater steadiness in market quotation. They should remember, also, that the main object of the railway revolution is economy. Experts have estimated that the new system will save £20 millions per annum in overhead expenditure, or about one-twelfth of the total expenditure. If so large a saving is actually achieved, the benefit to stockholders will be considerable.

L. J. R.



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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By		MUSIC:—	
H. J. M.	319	Arnold Bax. By Edward J.	
REVIEWS:—		Dent	328
Another Great Man	320	THE DRAMA:—	
Mr. Drinkwater and Mr.		Cajoling the Cracksman. By	
Davies. By J. Middleton		D. L. M.	330
Murry	321	SCIENCE:—	
Turcophilism	322	Changes in Scientific Thought.	
Why We Forget	324	By S.	332
A Batch	324	FORTHCOMING MEETINGS	334
BOOKS IN BRIEF	326	THIS WEEK'S BOOKS	334
FROM THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE	328		

The World of Books.

HAVING in my time consumed as many bottles of medicine as any man, I do not find it difficult to agree with W. H. Hudson that most Herbals are "a weariness to read." If, then, on the contrary, I find Miss Sinclair Rohde's handsome "The Old English Herbals" (Longmans) a delight to read, it is no idle compliment. And that, too, in spite of the fact that we tend to look at the lore of the herbalist from opposite points of view. I, in my prosy way, have hunted them for truth; she, with a more poetic mind, loves them for themselves and the sweet savors and mysteries they breathe out of their solemn pages. It shows a queer gap in scholarship that this should be the first book on our Herbals ever written.

* * *

THE sense of truth to be found in them is distilled both from fact and feeling. As Payne says, the English have had "a popular and widespread love of flowers" from the earliest times, which was frustrated by the Normans, who changed bishopswort into betony. The truth of the Anglo-Saxon Herbals (the "Lacnunga" and the "Leech Book of Bald" are originals) comes from the evidence they afford of the most tenacious Nature-worship. Wormwood, lupin, betony, vervain (sacred to the Druids) were "a salve against the elfin race and nocturnal goblin visitors"; marshmallow and dock had curative properties against "wykked sperytes" and "elf-disease," and the periwinkle ("joy of the ground") was a remedy against demoniacal possession. The use of flowers as amulets (yarrow and mugwort, for instance), for fumigation, and in incantations makes the Saxon Herbals look very like Pagan Bibles and Christianity a veneer. A twelfth-century Herbal has a splendid Prayer to Earth, and opens like a chant:—

"Earth, divine goddess, Mother Nature who generatest all things and bringest forth anew the sun which thou hast given to the nations; Guardian of sky and sea and of all gods and powers, and through thy power all nature falls silent and then sinks in sleep. . . . Again when thou wilt thou sendest forth the joyous day and givest the nourishment of life with thy eternal surety; and when the soul departs, to thee we return."

The Saxons knew 500 plants, whereas Apuleius's "Herbarium" contains but 185, and many of them were the guardian angels of men against the embodied forces of evil, which hated them for wresting the forests from them. In Nature-worship Mother Earth threatens with one hand and blesses with the other.

* * *

IN the later Herbals this old, passionate faith survives only as an unconscious tradition, and the simples and recipes and sovereign virtues of plants forfeit their reality. Not that there is not a pinch of truth in the pharmacopœia part of it all—as much, anyway, as in modern anti-toxins. But these old Herbals have

something more than an old clout to keep out the cold of our neglect. The old truths are full of holes, but they are patched with new truths. Bartholomæus Anglicus (1260) remarks of corn-marigolds that they draw evil humors out of the head and strengthen the eyesight. Who that hath stood among a treasure horde of these infant suns of earth can deny it? "The Lely," says he, "is an herbe wyth a whyte floure. And though the levys of the floure be whyte, yet wythen shyneth the lyknesse of golde." All the glory of botanical terminology makes a faded show before old Bartholomæus. And so through Turner, the "father of English botany," and Lyte, who enunciated the truth unqualified but still unaccepted that "herbs which grow in the fields are better than those which grow in gardens" ("the weeds, as you call them," as speaks Coles in "The Art of Simpling"), we come upon the precious ointment of old Gerarde, compounded of many sweet-smelling herbs wherewith to anoint the eyes and see and be glad. Miss Rohde misses two happy things about his Herbal, one for the flowers and one for him. It was Gerarde who beflowered his book with his own name for the wild clematis, "Traveller's Joy," and turned its own silver into gold. Neither does she relate that Gerarde described the peony as growing wild at Gravesend and nowhere else in England, he having planted it there himself!

* * *

THERE are real curatives in Gerarde. Sweet marjoram, he says, is for those "who are given to over-much sighing," and "the smell of Basil is good for the heart . . . it taketh away sorrowfulness," and bugloss hath a virtue "to drive away sorrow and pensiveness of the minde and to comfort and strengthen the heart." Such deep firmaments of blue there are in the borages, and I must add the gentians, that the heart is lifted through them above all cloudiness and heaviness of the mind. The modern botanists are full of old wives' tales. Why speak they of *Centaurea scabiosa*, that common antlered aristocrat of our wayside? Because Chiron the centaur used it in his healing art. Gerarde says of the Devil's-bit: "Old fantasticke charmers report that the Devil did bite it for envie because it is an herbe that hath so many good vertues." It looks as if it wouldn't agree with him, and Gerarde is so much a better botanist than the nomenclator of *Centaurea*. To him flowers were a kind of Society for the Promotion of Happiness, and because he esteemed them for their beauty as well as their properties, he knew them right well. He says of the little milkwort, "fashioned like a little bird, with wings, tail, and body."

* * *

IN the later seventeenth-century Herbals and still-room books there is a return to the belief in the influence of herbs upon the heavenly bodies. Two centuries still further on the belief had another reincarnation: "Thou canst not touch a flower without troubling of a star." The truth is one, only there are different ways of putting it. Myth said the eyebright was a cure for heartache; science names it *Euphrasia*; art says, Thou makest me glad and art fit for a buttonhole of the angels, while all sing in chorus:—

"Linking such heights and such humilities,
That I do think my tread,
Stirring the blossoms in the meadow-grass,
Flickers the unwithering stars."

H. J. M.

Reviews.

ANOTHER GREAT MAN.

✓ **Lord Northcliffe: a Memoir.** By MAX PEMBERTON. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

"In the summer of the year 1879, a well-built and unusually handsome boy of fourteen years of age stood with his bicycle at the corner of Marlborough Place and Hamilton Terrace in St. John's Wood and spoke to another boy whose enthusiasms appeared to be his own." A book beginning thus should attract a host of those boys whose sympathetic enthusiasms are alike. That handsome child with a bicycle who made memorable the corner of Hamilton Terrace and Marlborough Place, N.W., was Alfred Harmsworth. He wore a polo-cap. He had a bicycle with "a fifty-two-inch wheel in front and one of nineteen inches in the rear." We are not told the measurements of young Pemberton's bicycle, but we feel they were certainly less. This biography is, so to speak, on the fifty-two-inch scale. We hear of young Alfred:—

"The same masterful personality [on page 3] which, in the years 1915-16, braved the contumely of the nation . . ."

"We did, I think [same page], the things which Alfred Harmsworth desired us to do, went when he willed us to go, and felt instinctively that he was born to be a leader."

A reader who has, through no fault of his own, ceased to be a boy, does his best to get back to this point of view. The importance of getting to it is obvious. It would be the angle from which the innumerable admirers of the "Daily Mail" see the thing they like, and if we could get there we should see it in the same way. A vain desire! One might as well try to get into the souls of those who hold to the inviolable nature of taboos and of joss. Here is Mr. Max Pemberton, enthusiastic and intensely serious; and heaven knows why. He does not offer as cause for his state of mind the slightest bit of evidence of the nature which indicates an umbrella on a wet day. He gives us anecdotes about his hero, sometimes to show his wit, sometimes his prescience, sometimes his power over other men, sometimes his influence on public opinion, sometimes the nature of his reading, or of his thought, or of his literary gift. And to us they are no more than the marbles of the boy with the bicycle. Mr. Pemberton's unremitting enthusiasm, in the absence of any satisfying evidence, at last becomes embarrassing. Yet he not only assumes that young Alfred's polo-cap of 1879 ("so placed that an obstinate forelock could not fail to obtrude itself on the notice of the observer") is, in the light of these latter days, of significance, but he never doubts that we shall see that. He informs us, in blithe confidence, that England in its gratitude will surely put up a statue of Northcliffe somewhere; an instructive comment, for it shows that Mr. Pemberton thinks statues are nice. All the same, there must be something of social importance in this enthusiasm, and one makes a sincere effort to push into the surging throng of admiring boys (and girls, and girls!) to see what provokes their excitement. One dares not forget Fleetway House, the factory which turns out the "Funny Wonder," "Comic Cuts," "Forget-me-Not," and hundreds more; nor the "Daily Mail" and the "Evening News"; nor the making and breaking of politicians and generals. All that is in it. What else is in it?

It is not easy to guess. Nothing can be got from this book except by inference. We trust Mr. Trotter will give the document his skilled attention, for eminent soldiers were in fear of Lord Northcliffe, and famous politicians and publicists did truckle for his favor, and the public was conjured into ecstasies for several fateful years by his jejune publications and funny wonders, and now has an awful head after the night before. Mr. Pemberton has no doubt all this was very jolly. He thinks it deserves a statue—and perhaps it does. And perhaps there is in it little more than the awe of those who are destined to attend to any man who cutely gives them peremptory orders instead of consulting them. There may be little more in it than the fathomless credulity which accepts great men at the word of command, and everything it is told of the shell shortage and sweet peas, and of the "victories" which were indistinguishable from

disasters, and of the soldiers who never died but remained smiling and cheerful. It may have in it, too, the gratitude of the amenable who are born to feel safe only when following some leader on instinct; that saves a lot of trouble, and one naturally feels glad of it. Perhaps what bestows greatness on "men of action" is the good nature of our simple hearts. Regard Mr. Pemberton, for example, spending a holiday in Scotland with Lord Northcliffe. His lordship "sent his man" to Mr. Pemberton telling him, very early one morning, to pack his bag for Ireland. He just packed it "with feverish haste." He did not know why. He did not ask. He rushed forthwith to Ireland with his lordship for the joy, he discovered later, of seeing the house in which Northcliffe was born. The book does not give this anecdote to illustrate his dictatorial lordship as an unmitigated nuisance, but we see he could disturb even the early morning peace of other men with impunity.

And for what purpose? It is not easy to see that either. We hoped Mr. Pemberton would reveal a little of what the mind of a great man is like, for we, too, knew Lord Northcliffe, though somehow missed his greatness altogether, even while well liking him. It is not much use telling us that his lordship, as a boy, read Thackeray, Dickens, and Defoe. So do most boys. The difficulty for us is, we suppose, that angle of sight, to which we may not attain; for we have discussed literature, politics, sociology, and the war with his lordship, who made at that time comments on such a level as this: "War is good because it helps to reduce the surplus population." In fact, he gave us the feeling of futility which comes of realizing that it is a long way to go back a century to lead the information of a respected gossip up to where modern knowledge stands. He was ignorant of facts that are not only important but salient. Though his trait of impulsive kindness was so evident that one forgot his sleeping truculence and his importance, yet one did not think of disputing much that he said any more than one would question the pleasant dame who knows the Bolsheviks have abolished God, socialized women, and pop another baby in the saucepan whenever they feel hungry. In spite of the fact, for example, that even a boy ought to have been able to see the British Navy was so extraordinary an arm and so unchallengeable that Germany did not dare send out her own fleet on the off-chance of relieving the national starvation which meant certain defeat for her, Lord Northcliffe was not afraid to declare (as Mr. Pemberton quotes with approval) that England was "totally unprepared for war." What is to be done in war-time with men whose knowledge and judgment are so negligible?

Well, we might have put them to addressing envelopes. Instead of that we allowed them to distract, with loud and incessant noises, the attention of statesmen, and to appear at General Headquarters on the battle-ground freely enough to put the wind up Staff Officers (who read the "Times" and the "Daily Mail," but little else), officers who betrayed to Northcliffe in particular a comical homage they would never have shown to a scientist who could have invented tanks for their use. One may, therefore, judge that if a man is only sufficiently unreasonable, and cultivates relentlessly the art of being a first-class nuisance, he can surely reach that height which is popularly called Success. Lord Northcliffe had a morbid energy, which would not let his interest rest upon anything long enough to understand it, and a perfect passion for meddling. He was one of those otherwise estimable folk who feel an irrepressible impulse to interfere, with no qualification but the impulse. And, of course, he gave his meddling a moral sanction. They always do. He meddled because he loved his country. It never occurs to these people that their country might be much happier if they did not love it so forcibly. As he directed the "Daily Mail" and the "Times" during the war, and eminent but worried soldiers and statesmen had to recognize such a control of publicity in the way that Northcliffe's reporters had to worry over their jobs, the possibilities in the gross indulgence of meddling by a man of such fortuitous influence were as we now regard them.

But let Mr. Pemberton speak for his lordship. He puts it better than we could:—

"The ink of success upon the pages of 'Answers' was hardly dry before he produced 'Comic Cuts,' the first half-penny illustrated journal which this country had ever seen. The inspiration of 'Comic Cuts,' I think, he owed to the

fact that 'Ally Sloper' was then a prosperous penny journal and stood without a rival. The close study of the printing trade, Lord Rothermere's remarkable ability as a business man, and his unrivalled power of organization, made it possible to produce a rival to 'Ally Sloper' for a halfpenny, and to reap a substantial profit upon the venture. Well do I recollect walking down Fleet Street on the day when 'Comic Cuts' was published, and witnessed the speed with which the hawkers were selling it. In a fortnight's time the brothers knew the result of their second venture—it was already showing a profit of twenty-five thousand pounds per annum."

It is a nasty comment on that divinity which shapes our ends that the possibility of producing a rival to "Ally Sloper" for a halfpenny should have had inherent in it the right also to monkey light-heartedly with old England's luck "in the greatest crisis of its history." All those office-boys and the feeble-minded seen by Mr. Pemberton to buy "Comic Cuts" were thereby conferring the power on the youth who was hardly out of his polo-cap to interfere with the course of our history. And what did it matter that the incorrigible hustler knew no more of that history than boys in polo-caps usually know? Nothing at all. *He loved his country.* It appears that if a patriot loves his country with but sufficiently holy protestation and fervor he may harass us from our brown bread and sweet peas to Armageddon—all for our good, of course—and not a quiet burgher of the lot of us will rise wearily from his supper, select a suitable cane, and wallop the noisy disturber into a clear understanding that if he does the same again he will get the same again.

MR. DRINKWATER AND MR. DAVIES.

Preludes: 1921-1922. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.)

The Hour of Magic. By W. H. DAVIES. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

MR. DRINKWATER shares with Mr. Masfield at the present moment the distinction of being one of the two most popular poets in England. There is this difference between them: that whereas Mr. Masfield has won his popularity by his poems alone, Mr. Drinkwater has won his by his plays—to be accurate, indeed, by a single play.

The vogue of "Abraham Lincoln" has created a vogue for Mr. Drinkwater's poetry. But there is an important difference between them also. Mr. Drinkwater's play is a play, but Mr. Drinkwater's poetry is not poetry. There were a great many things in "Abraham Lincoln" with which we could not do at all. In the reading, it revealed a moral sentimentality which we found peculiarly indigestible: its very high-mindedness was a burden. But a play exists to be acted, not to be read; and "Abraham Lincoln" acted well. It was dramatic. Mr. Drinkwater had, what so comparatively few high-minded playwrights have, a sense of the theatre. His high-mindedness helped him a good deal with his audience, no doubt, at a moment during the war when a profound moral depression was almost universal. People longed to be made to feel that war was really a necessary means to good. Mr. Drinkwater comforted them.

In a sense it is unfair to Mr. Drinkwater that his poetry should have become so popular, seeing that neither the poetry nor the poet can be held responsible for the strange inconsequence of the public judgment by which he has unwittingly profited. Nevertheless, since he is one of the most popular of our modern poets, it is as a poet that he must be judged. The verdict must be severe. Without the theatre, he is without disguise. Without the firm anchorage of his knowledge of dramatic technique, his mind tosses unsteadily on a sea of vague expression. His style is constantly changing: in a single poem you will find reminiscence of Milton at his most archaic and Browning at his most colloquial. But this indecision of language is only the outer system of a still greater indecision of thought. If we regard these "Preludes" (as the author tells us we ought to regard them) as a single poem, they form a single poem on the theme of love. Love is celebrated in the love of David for Jonathan, of Naaman's Israelitish slave for Naaman, and of an imaginary country lover and his mistress. But Mr. Drinkwater has nothing to

tell us about love, its reality or purpose, that is in any way superior to the ordinary romantic nonsense of the cheap novelette. On the contrary, he is romantic and cheap in precisely the same way. And this is made worse by an affectation (which we believe to be sincerely assumed) of superior morality. His lovers commit adultery on a mountain-top, and all is well. In a hotel the pair would quite obviously be damned. But they risk double pneumonia between them and are saved. The physical virtues of fresh air are familiar: but its properties as a refiner of the soul have been revealed by Mr. Drinkwater alone.

In the matter of poetry people are easily deceived, and undecieved with difficulty. Discrimination between the true and the false is intuitive. To some minds it would be enough to quote such a line as—

"And all the phrasing of his body good—"

to prove to them that there is some radical vice, some blemish of nature, in Mr. Drinkwater's composition, which prevents him from writing poetry that is not a sham. Either the mind is sensitive to these things or it is deaf to them. The deaf will ask: What is the matter with the line? And the critic can only reply that it is terrible. Or he can pile line upon line; but he cannot pile precept upon precept to explain them. He cannot demonstrate *why* these lines are as bad as it is possible for poetry to be:—

"That was the proud woman, Naaman's wife. . . .
A little curve of beach where she would walk
At any hour with an old silver man. . . .
The Israelitish maid, between her duties,
Watched with a proud flush beating down her limbs. . . ."

He can only copy out the lines.

Mr. Drinkwater is symptomatic of a modern decadence. Mr. Davies, on the other hand, is symptomatic of nothing. A thing that is unique cannot be symbolic of anything. Whether we like his poems or not—there are two, but only two, poems in his volume that we definitely do not like—he is true with his own truth. If his poetry is naive, it is because he is naive: his simplicity has the strength of a living man behind it visibly. It is extraordinary, of course, that a man should be born into this world and be living in the year 1922 who is pretty exactly what he would have been if he had been born in the same circumstances three hundred years ago: a man for whom nine-tenths of the complexities of the modern consciousness simply do not exist. It is extraordinary, but it is the fact. We do not have to invent it to explain his poetry: his poetry quite simply proves it. Nor do we have to invoke that darling hypothesis of the sentimentalists, of "the boy who never grew up." Mr. Davies is perfectly adult. His world is a man's world: by some odd trick of destiny it happens to be the world of a primitive man.

As a reward for his limitations the gods have given him the faculty of direct perception. He comes into contact with things long before we do, and declares what he finds out about them in a language we should never dare to use, even if we could. To some extent it cuts both ways. Assuredly no poet but Mr. Davies would ever have written these two lines:—

"The voices and the legs of birds and women
Have always pleased my eyes and ears the most."

That is not the kind of thing that is said nowadays. But neither is this:—

"When I look into a glass,
Myself's my only care:
But I look into a pool
For all the wonders there.

When I look into a glass,
I see a fool:
But I see a wise man
When I look into a pool."

For once that Mr. Davies is unexpected in the former way, he is ten times unexpected in the latter. But the unexpectedness is of the same kind in each. Mr. Davies is free from the inhibitions to which we are accustomed in the modern world. Perhaps he has inhibitions of his own—we should like to know what they are, for they would certainly be curious and peculiar—but ours he has not. Some few of our inhibitions are good, most of them are bad. So

that on rare occasions Mr. Davies jars: on most he reveals. On the balance he scores heavily.

There is no other modern English poet who can say beautiful things with Mr. Davies's simplicity and directness:—

"Oh God, it was a lovely sight:
She was so beautiful in death
That, till her own looks pitied her,
No mortal could with living breath."

The purity of accent is quite outside the range of our contemporary poetry. When other poets attempt it, we feel the artifice immediately. Few enough modern poets have the gift of saying beautiful things at all. But those that have it do not say such things as this:—

"She sends her portrait, as a swallow,
To show that her sweet spring will follow:
Until she comes herself, to share
With me a pillow and her hair."

For besides purity in Mr. Davies's poetry, there is gaiety, and, rarer still in our modern world, there is certainty. Mr. Davies has no doubts: he is one for whom the world exists. He would, like Dr. Johnson, disprove Berkeley by kicking a stone: and we should believe he meant it, whereas Dr. Johnson leaves us doubtful. No breath of the disquiet and hesitation which troubles the modern mind has rippled the clear pool of this poet's simple contemplation. Mr. Drinkwater is certain, and we despair of him; Mr. Davies is certain, and we envy him.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

TURCOPHILISM.

As Others See Us. By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL. (Collaps. 7s. 6d.)

YEARS ago Mr. Pickthall knew his Near East, but longer acquaintance has not improved his vision. In his earlier work we liked his humor and the absence of illusions. His "Said the Fisherman" was a plausible rogue. Now, Mr. Pickthall writes as a partisan; he has fallen into propaganda, which means the slow drying-up of the springs of humor and the cultivation of illusions. He is captivated by the Moslem, and idealizes the Turk. Mr. Pickthall sees the Ottoman with the eyes of the modern French weaver of romance. When he brings a Turk on to the stage we know what to expect; the story becomes an undisguised tract. His Pasha is a high-souled official, a man of principle, truthfulness, delicacy, that chivalrous gentleman of the old school—we quote from M. Claude Ferrère from memory—"who, because he only knows how to ride and fight, has fallen a hopeless prey to Christian intrigue, usury, and finance." The Turk, we admit, has not been treated over well by his Christian neighbors; on the other hand, he has not been brought up on the traditions of Regulus. He has his defects, and they are written large in the memories of all who have come into too intimate contact with him, more especially in adversity—witness the captives of Kut and of the prison camp of Kastamuni. But Mr. Pickthall prefers to idealize him, and it is doubtful if he would defend himself from the charge of bias by admitting that the Turkish officials in his stories are not meant to be types.

For the story, one feels, in which the Turk obtrudes, has been written expressly to point that he comes of a noble race which has been consistently wronged and misunderstood. This is the motive of "Melek," "Unofficial," and inferentially of "The Tragedy at Marseilles." All that is written is inscribed to the humiliation of Christendom. We blush when the incorruptible Pasha refuses the bribe of the Englishman, the complacent, blundering type of Englishman that Mr. Pickthall is so fond of depicting. The Turk had accepted presents in his time, but "he had never known them offered in this manner, nor in a matter that concerned his honor as a servant of the State." However, he summoned his delicacy to conceal his disgust, feeling that the Englishman's rudeness was due to a total ignorance of Turkish customs. Mahmud, the Ottoman husband in "The Tragedy at Mar-

seilles," is an equally exemplary character. Dmitri, the brother of his Greek wife, conspires to assassinate him. Here we have the contrast between the Islamic and the Christian code in the Levant, the Moslem who allows full liberty of conscience and the bigoted Christian who hates the Moslem and rages to think of his sister in his profane embrace. Dmitri cannot hope to satisfy his longing in a country ruled by Moslems. So he follows his sister Miriam to Marseilles and kills her there, believing that he will obtain honor among Christians for the act. He prepares himself for the sacrificial rite by gorging bacon and swilling wine. "It is a Christian country. There is a great church with a golden Virgin on it, on a hill. These men are Christians; they eat pork, drink wine. I also am a Christian. They will let me go. I slew her to avenge the honor of the people of the Cross." In prison, learning that his life will not be spared, Dmitri uttered shriek on shriek of horror and rage, "calling his captives freemasons and atheists to take the side of unbelievers against Christian men."

In "Melek" we have a picture of the Young Turks, companions of Enver and Talaat, selfless, high-souled patriots, daring all for an ideal. Rustem Bey, "the blue-eyed captain of dragoons," is the hero, and Melek, his sister, the heroine. It falls to her as a patriotic duty to remove her husband, a splendid Turk of the old school, but an impediment to the cause. Does she shrink? "By no means," she made answer in a dreamy way. "It is impersonal. His body stands between our land and a great light. Let the light shine. Who kills him? Is it I?" But the sacrifice is averted. The husband is called to a scene where he is no longer a danger to liberty; and in the end Melek accompanies him voluntarily into exile. "Swift death was nothing dreadful for a man like him, so upright, so unstained. My one thought was to make it swift and easy for him. The sorrow would have been for me, and with God's help I should have borne it. I told him lately the whole story, and he did not blame me." Melek transcends Pierre Loti's *désenchantées*. To the ravages of the tolerant and enlightened Turk we must add the destruction of Mr. Pickthall's balance, perspective, and sense of humor.

Mr. Pickthall's Arab is better than his Turk, and his Egyptian is better than his Arab. The straw-fire *dan* of the Badawi is well brought out in "Knights Errant" and "The Battle of the Trees." The mock-heroic in the alternate braggadocio and whimpering is true to life. But when Mr. Pickthall makes Rihaan describe the position of the saddle of the tax farmer as interposed "between the fattest region of his person and his horse's back," he is writing like a tourist. To understand the picturesque euphemism the Arab would have to borrow his standard of anatomical dignities from us. It is a jest dramatically untrue dragged in to enforce a smile.

There is one story, the first, "The Kefr Ammeh Incident," which is singularly well-found and true in spirit. It was probably written at an earlier date than the other sketches, for it is entirely fresh and humorous and innocent of bias. Sandeman, the English official, is sympathetically drawn. It should be noted that no Englishman of Mr. Pickthall's is in the least lovable who is not more than a little absurd. As a rule Mr. Pickthall is uncharitable in his pictures of his countrymen in the East, especially when he is inveighing against their uncharitableness. But here the balance of sympathy is well preserved. We like his Englishman and his Egyptian Omdeh equally, and the analysis of their cross-purposes and readings of each other's motives touches high comedy. It is as good as anything Mr. Pickthall has ever written. In his other sketches here the spirit of humor, when it occurs, appears a little forlorn; the acid has eaten into it and all round it.

In the second part of the volume Mr. Pickthall leaves the East, but here, too, there is a taint of bias, a manifestation in a different medium of the sympathy for the under-dog which has distorted his vision. It is a chivalry of decent origin, but deranged, a kind of soured quixotism which is responsible for much narrowness and injustice. The British as a nation are not so stupid, cruel, and insensitive as Mr. Pickthall would make out. As for the Turk, it would be better for Mr. Pickthall's art, and perhaps for his propaganda, if, like his high-souled and incorruptible Pasha, he did not think it "worth while to waste his breath in seeking to dispel the prejudices of known enemies."

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WHY WE FORGET.

Remembering and Forgetting. By T. H. PEAR. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

THIS book, by the Professor of Psychology in the University of Manchester, suffers from the fact that it was not planned and written as a single work, but has been compiled, partly from the synopsis of a course of lectures delivered by the author, partly by including contributions to various periodicals. The subject is one demanding from the reader, as well as from the writer, the closest of attention and an absolute continuity of reasoning; consequently, the method of the book's composition, with its inevitable jerks and disjointedness, is a little unfortunate. So, also, is the author's use of similes. In dealing with subtle psychological problems, analogies derived from things like gramophones, however much they may seem to lighten the subject to the casual reader, do not really help him to understand the essential problems. In spite, however, of these defects, Professor Pear has produced an interesting book on a very interesting subject.

We are so familiar with the experiences both of remembering and of forgetting that few of us ever stop to think about, or even to wonder at, the mysteries of how they are done. We all know that if we stare at a bright object like the sun, the impression made on us continues or is repeated for a short time after we withdraw our gaze. Equally we know, and various advertisers have taken advantage of the fact, that if we look for some little space of time at various brightly colored objects, and then fix our eyes on the ceiling, the image is repeated, but in negative colors. These almost physical effects, however, are not the phenomena to which psychologists refer when they speak of memory.

An act of memory consists in the recall to consciousness of past experience. Now, in studying this matter, one of the first things that strike one is that the image of an experience revived by an act of memory is not a facsimile reproduction of the original. Certain features and aspects are "remembered," others are "forgotten." It might at first be thought that the things remembered are all those which affected our senses at the time of the original impression, but that is by no means true. For, at other times, especially in certain abnormal states—dream, hypnotic, or pathologic—other parts of the original impression come into our consciousness as vividly and clearly as those normally "remembered." It seems, indeed, that any experience impresses itself fully and is retained fully, much after the manner of a photograph; but that the image (visual, auditory, olfactory, or what not) which afterwards is revived in consciousness—that is to say, is remembered—is a product of selection and omission; is, in fact, comparable with a work of art. From this it follows that the same experience will be remembered differently by different individuals. A memory is a very personal affair, and, accordingly, the "meaning" of experiences also varies with the individual. To speak of a thing in the abstract as meaning this or that, is scarcely the talk of exact thinking. All we can strictly say is that such and such an image represents the memory of a particular person at a particular time; and that to a particular person at a given moment it means so-and-so. A study of the evidence of credible witnesses in courts of law will convince the most sceptical that memory is no uniform generality, but a matter of idiosyncrasy, temperament and taste.

Obviously, in all this are problems interesting and provocative. And it is to the discussion of these problems that Professor Pear's book is mainly devoted. On the whole, he would seem to accept the teaching of Freud on this subject, though, from his appreciative remarks on the work of the late Dr. W. H. R. Rivers—who by no means swallowed the Freudian doctrine whole—this is not certain. It is clear that we cannot deliberately forget just what we would choose to forget, nor always remember just what we would choose to remember. Nor is there any simple rule that the unpleasant is forgotten and the desirable remembered. The Freudian censor, again, if not actually dethroned, has, at any rate, lost much of its prestige. And, with the fall of the censor, much of the psycho-analytic doctrine of dreams is also losing its hold.

Although it is probable that all forgetting cannot be accounted for on any general principle, still it seems

likely that experiences are usually best remembered in proportion to their emotional affect, and to their relevance to, and associative links with, our present emotional life. A good deal of convention and cant and sentimentality has to be cleared away before we can adequately judge the true emotional affect of particular experiences occurring to particular individuals. Not every child loves his mother, nor every man his apparent friend; though, in each case, sentimentality may deceive even the individual concerned. And many an event which, judged by the standards of convention, seems to have the utmost emotional significance, may, in cold truth, be about as indifferent a matter as the running-down of the clock.

Definite unconscious suppression of undoubtedly relevant experiences, as well as the normal everyday obliviousness of such overwhelmingly significant "knowledge" as that of the inevitability and daily increasing approximation of death, seem at present most likely to be explained along biological lines. The life of the modern man would be impossible but for the whole series of suppressed activities and processes on the physical plane effected through the instrumentality of those nervous structures of latest appearance in our evolutionary history. And there is reason to suspect that analogous repressions and controls take place in the realm which we call psychological. The healthy mind is concerned with life, and with the mastering of difficulties which are potentially conquerable. A race whose instincts led it habitually to bang its heads against brick walls would have but poor survival prospects. Let us be thankful that our "memories" are so limited.

A BATCH.

Seven for a Secret. By MARY WEBB. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

Baxters o' th' Moor. By A. M. ALLEN. (Chapman & Dodd. 6s.)

Clair de Lune. By the AUTHOR OF "JENNY ESSENDEN." (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

And Have Not Love. By HAMILTON FYFE. (Parsons. 7s. 6d.)

The Pledglings. By MARGARET BURNE. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

My Lady's Bargain. By ELIZABETH HOPE. (Nesbit. 7s. 6d.)

It is seldom, perhaps, that a novel can show such a disparity between handling, construction, and character, and general atmosphere, feeling and imagination, as appears in "Seven for a Secret." The former are all wrong, and the latter, but for occasional giddiness and insecurity, good and true. Mrs. Webb's "secret" is all at sixes and sevens. The main setting is the love of Robert Rideout, cowman-shepherd, made in the (graven) image of Gabriel Oak, for his master's flighty daughter, Gillian Lovekin. Gillian only discovers she loves her Robert after she has become the mistress, and finally the wife, of the sheep-breeder, Ralph Elmer. And what a to-do to shuffle off Ralph and reward the terrific fidelity of Robert! The story of the abduction of Ruth, Elmer's still-living wife, from the gipsy camp, is so preposterous that a mere matter of twenty years of her life unaccounted for is swallowed up in the sweeping victory of the improbable. And the planning, the structure, the run of incident, remind one of the Maze at Hampton Court, except that it is not meant to be a maze. A novel, however loosely one may define the art of fiction, is, after all, a narrative, and as a narrative "Seven for a Secret" is like a dream after a late and heavy supper. On the other hand, it has fine qualities in the delicate business of interpreting the reaction of landscape upon humanity. The country of the novel is the moorland of the Welsh and Shropshire border, and whatever their deficiencies as human life-like figures, Mrs. Webb has made her characters convincingly-moor-like. The mixture of intensity and remoteness, of the hard-bitten and the poetic, of beauty and savagery, the Celtic and the Saxon element, is conveyed with a sympathy and distinction of imagination which are very attractive. The author makes us see men and women moving at the mercy and inspiration of a mysterious enchantment.

If "Seven for a Secret" would probably not have been written but for the Wessex Novels, "Baxters o' th' Moor" seems to owe as large, if indirect, a debt to "Wuthering Heights." It is a curious thing that both these books are

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written by women, both are penetrated by the influence of a stern and desolate inanimate nature, and yet the qualities of each are almost exactly the reverse of the other. Father Baxter is a drunken, merciless, dominating cotton-spinner, a Napoleon of the Lancashire moors invaded by a "civilization" even more harsh, barren, and east-windy than they are. The book, with a logic as severe and pitiless, except at the very end, when the author, in a natural relaxation of her grim purpose, or as a concession to the circulating libraries (it is hard to say which), fumbles the inevitability of her conclusion, pursues the hereditary fate of the Baxter family—broken mother, ferrety and consumptive son, stricken daughter haunted by evil, and Annie, the other daughter, married to an animal driven mad by drink. It all sounds like a Prohibitionist campaign; but that would be a wholly mistaken impression. For a first novel it has a remarkable structural power, and is handled with a directness, economy, and vigor in control and development which shows no trace of any want of experience. Yet the gloom of the book is so complete, the characters are so psychologically fiend-ridden, the atmosphere is so sodden in corruption, Annie's wise, tough, and beautifully courageous personality so unavailing, and the permeation of the moor's dark spirit so sinister, that the relieving and contrasting elements of true tragedy are absent. The Baxters are a family possessed by devils, and it is small wonder that the gifted author, having failed to do so earlier, applies the medicine of humanity too late and in the wrong place.

"Clair de Lune," set half in London and half in the Pyrenees (with his knowledge of the latter the author makes great play), is a well-made novel whose ingenuity of situation, ease of manner, professional skill, and sense of mastered experience, command one's admiration. And yet it leaves one with a conviction of the distinction between brain and mind. In point of success in construction there is very little to choose between "Baxters o' th' Moor" and "Clair de Lune," except that the one spells facility and the other power. The matter with "Clair de Lune" is that it is too professional; æsthetic and emotional satisfactions become mutually exclusive. The elaborate misunderstandings between Evelyn and his wife Kitty are very delicately arranged. But we care nothing for any of the characters, and that there should have been so great a pother over such a half-man as Evelyn leaves us with an impression of almost painful futility.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe appears to us to err a little in the other direction, which is humanity in spate, goodness winning all along the line, love triumphant. Mill Rayne goes to prison because she stole some money to save her sick friend, and then goes to stay at the House of Duty of Henry Bell, whom she marries after his conversion from Duty to Love. Mr. Fyfe draws her as a "good sort" in *excellis*, and the stern-voiced Daughter of the Voice of God melts before her smiles like snow in summer. How nice it would be if it were really true! say we; but somehow, in a novel, the Old Adam has an incorrigible way of cropping up.

But that is the fault of Adam, not of Mr. Fyfe, who writes genuinely if ingenuously. But "The Fledglings," a faithful record of the growing-pains, both philosophic and romantic, of some very youthful people, strikes us as being intolerably affected, decked out in that arch but steely smile which is far less preferable than a scowl. Our suffrages go to the conventional aunt, for Joan is a heartless minx, Perks, her cynic friend, a sentimentalist *in extremis*, and as for the dear old dad at the Rectory . . .

A very convenient digest of "My Lady's Bargain" is set out on pp. 266-267. Of course, you have to get there first, but it is quite possible you have been wool-gathering on the way and are not yet quite sure whether Lady Killigrew did or did not marry General Williams, or whether it was her cousin (as like her as pea to pea) who tried to smuggle the Royalist Lord Killigrew out of the country. Cromwell himself takes a good deal of time to find it all out, and so, perhaps, the mere reviewer may take comfort before so lofty a precedent in confusion. "My Lady's Bargain" is an average sample of the historical novel, and when one has said that there really seems nothing more to say.

Books in Brief.

The Black Man's Place in South Africa. By PETER NIELSEN. (Cape Town: Juta. 2s. 6d.)

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* * *

Six Famous Living Poets. By COULSON KERNAHAN. (Thornton Butterworth. 12s. 6d.)

MR. KERNAHAN'S ventures into literary criticism, or whatever it is, were not written specially for P.S.A. meetings, but they can be highly recommended for that service. Kipling, Newbolt, Noyes, Drinkwater, Maurice Baring, and Masefield are the poets dealt with. If it were not for the generous number of excerpts from their work they would be hardly distinguishable one from the other, but, as the publishers claim, the quotations give the book the value of an anthology. Mr. Kernahan has a liking for "beautiful thoughts," and regrets that "so true a poet" as Mr. Masefield should "descend to realism." "When Art," he says in one of his mellifluous passages, "forsakes the lovely bride, Imagination, for unlovely realism, the offspring of that mating are often grotesque and ill-shaped. . . . Coarseness of speech there is in Shakespeare's poetry, but little realism." Not that Mr. Kernahan likes coarseness, either. His theory of poetry is this: "Perhaps because we personify Poetry as a woman, and of womanhood so pure and rare as not to be far from angelhood—as bodying, in lovely woman-form, a spirit so lovely as to be half-divine; as both of earth and of heaven; of Time and of Eternity—perhaps, because of this, we are conscious, in poetry, of rising into a purer atmosphere and of standing, as it were, in a pure and radiant Presence." There is no coarseness of speech here, but there appears to be something wrong somewhere. Mr. Kernahan finds some affinity between the music of Grieg and the haunting lines of Mr. Noyes about Kew in lilac-time. But Mr. Noyes himself called his poem "The Barrel Organ."

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ALEC WAUGH

The Political System of British India. By E. A. HORNE.
(Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.)

THE Montagu Act of 1919 not only gave India a new constitution, but brought into being an entirely new set of political problems, the working out of which is bound to be both swift and startling. Mr. Horne, therefore, has undertaken a necessary and, indeed, an urgent job. He belongs to the Indian Educational Service, and in this book has worked over the material of a term's lectures at Harvard University. Mr. Horne summarizes the political changes through which British India passed between North's Act of 1773 and the Morley Councils, and then explains the Montagu Act and its consequences in the Legislative Assemblies. He is more successful in his treatment of such matters than in his attempt to set forth the nature of the emerging problems and of the revolutionary movement that was reaching its acute stage just as the reforms scheme came into being. Rather curiously, his admonitions are reserved for the Indian Moderates, the one party with which an English writer should be fully sympathetic. It rests with them, says Mr. Horne, to join hands with the Government in upholding the law and preserving order. But surely the essential point here is that, from Morley to Montagu and beyond, the bureaucracy and the Anglo-Indian commercial community together have made the position of the Indian Moderate almost insupportable.

Recent Economic Developments in Russia. By K. I. EFTES.
Edited by H. WESTERGAARD. (Milford. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a valuable addition to the Carnegie Endowment publications. The author is a Russian and has given many years to the study of economic conditions in Russia. He has collected in this volume a large number of facts which throw light upon the effects of the revolution upon finance, industry, agriculture, labor, &c. He draws his own conclusions, which are extremely unfavorable to the Bolshevik régime. The chief value of the book consists, however, in its collection of facts.

From the Publishers' Table

THOSE who are depressed at the present age of literary production, as being unprogressive and so forth, should console themselves with the fact that it is an age of strenuous literary research. We hear of a singular discovery affecting deeply the interpretation of Blake's prophetic poetry; and further, of a forthcoming edition of Crashaw which exceeds in content whatever has appeared hitherto regarding this poet, and includes many pieces now first taken from manuscript.

MR. MILFORD having brought out his collected edition of Leigh Hunt's poems, a signally clever and patient piece of reconstruction, our attention lights on an entry in a catalogue of autographs issued this month by Messrs. Dobell. This entry records an imperfect transcript of Hunt's play, "The Cid," of which Mr. Milford includes an extract, and another dramatic fragment of lively power given by Mr. Milford from a variant copy.

SEVERAL new departures in periodicals deserve notice. Messrs. Constable now issue in England a quarterly whose beautiful reproductions in color and otherwise—the August number included a specially skilful facsimile of "Lincoln Cathedral" by de Wint—are accompanied by spirited essays and studies. This is "Art in Australia." Another position is suggested by the first appearance of "Commercial Art," a portfolio published by Messrs. Hutchinson with the object of "raising the general tone of all advertising." The plates which are thus presented should certainly succeed.

SON of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, poet and inquiring soul, Mr. L. H. Myers has spent many years upon a novel, already briefly referred to in these notes. It is a psychological study of an unusual family, called "The Orissers." Messrs. Putnam will publish this novel in January.

MESSRS. PUTNAM also announce "Doctor Johnson in Cambridge." Mr. S. C. Roberts, secretary to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, and already on the list of Johnsonian authors, has seen the immortal, as in a vision, mingling among the scenes of May Week, the Union, Fenner's, and so on; and gives us some essays, accordingly, after Boswell.

"MAYFLOWER" literature is enriched by a volume lately produced by Mr. Heffer at Cambridge: "The Pilgrim Press" (7s. 6d.), by Rendel Harris and Stephen K. Jones. It is a reply to a heresy of the other day, declaring that the Pilgrim Fathers' Press at Leyden was almost negligible. The authors prove that the Press did yeoman service from 1617 to 1619, and give collations of a score of its books, together with photographs of title-pages. Dr. Plooij of Leyden adds proof positive of the whereabouts of this romantic printing office.

AT this time of year the discriminating might turn with advantage to the sizable list of publishers' remainders issued (No. 459) by Messrs. Glaisher: or to a list of the same sort from Mr. John Grant, Edinburgh.

"EARLY Sources of Scottish History, A.D. 500-1286," in which Mr. A. O. Anderson has amassed translated passages from early native and foreign chronicles—English chroniclers he has dealt with in a previous source-book—is to appear shortly, in two volumes, from the house of Oliver & Boyd.

"THE Best of the Year" is the promising title of an annual which Messrs. Collins will publish this month. Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Gilbert Frankau, and other celebrities are among the contributors of oratory, verse, fiction, and criticism in all directions; and there will be reproductions from the work of well-known artists.

THE usual selection of Christmas and New Year cards and calendars published by the Medici Society (7, Grafton Street, W. 1) has just reached us. It contains, of course, reproductions of famous pictures of the quality we now expect from this Society. If there is any more beautiful seasonable printing than is in this collection we have not seen it.

Music.

ARNOLD BAX.

A GENERATION ago our two leading schools of music in London represented two divergent tendencies in the training of composers. It may seem curious that it was the venerable Royal Academy of Music which stood for modernity, while the comparatively youthful Royal College of Music stood for academicism. The College was the home of the Brahms-Joachim cult; the Academy produced revolutionaries who admired Wagner and composed symphonic poems. The Academy, it was in those days imagined, possessed all the young men of genius, and instead of cramping their genius in the fetters of strict counterpoint and fugue, it gave free play to their flamboyant imagination. Years pass, and revolutionaries grow elderly. Every now and then the Philharmonic Society, from that sense of *pietas* which has always directed its choice, puts down one of those symphonic poems on its programmes. They frighten nobody; they have become tedious and respectable. And anyone who goes round London listening to what musicians are saying will know that the people who are most painfully shocked by the modern type of music are not the elderly academics but the elderly revolutionaries.

From that throng of anti-academic composers there emerges one and only one of real distinction to-day—Mr. Arnold Bax. He alone has survived his early training, and it has taken him a considerable number of years to throw off its evil influences. The Brahms party "disdained the subtle seductions of color." They certainly produced some very dry and

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tedious stuff. But they were taught principles. If a musician is not by nature inspired, no amount of teaching will turn him into a Beethoven. It is not reasonable to expect any music-school to turn out a fresh Beethoven every year. But the man who has natural poetic gifts, and the brains to use them properly, requires principles and benefits by them. He may, as several of our young composers have done, develop on modern lines which horrify his venerable teachers; but they will have taught him something, and that something the most valuable thing that any teacher can give to a pupil, the principles which enable him to go on teaching himself. The result of strict academic teaching is that the real leaders of English music at the present moment, however divergent their personal styles of writing may be, are almost all of them past pupils of the Royal College of Music.

At the Royal Academy, if an outsider can form a judgment, there was a laudable spirit of liberalism which hated "rules." The "rules" of harmony and what old Rockstro called the "laws" of counterpoint were a survival of old-fashioned German pedantry. Possibly they made a certain appeal to the mentality of Englishmen to whom nothing is more sacred than the rules—often called laws—of their games. The haters of rules unfortunately failed to see that rules were merely awkward forms of expression for principles. A musician who learns rules without understanding the principles which they disguise is probably in a worse state of salvation than the man who learns nothing at all. If he has the natural gift for music he may find himself obliged to discover principles for himself. But there is a substitute both for rules and for principles which is easier to learn than the latter and more agreeable than the former—dodges. The young composers at the Royal Academy were put up to all the dodges. They learned how to write modern music straight away, out of a witty and entertaining treatise in which the emotions are listed alphabetically, with instructions complete for expressing same.

The academics were burdened with a good deal of classical lumber, but classical lumber is so easily recognized as lumber that it can be dropped without much difficulty. The would-be revolutionaries were just as heavily burdened, but their lumber was romantic, and that was much harder to clear out of the way. Even Mr. Bax has not got completely free; still trailing clouds of Wagner does he come. Systematic instruction in romanticism offered no sense of style, but a selection of styles to suit all tastes. Mr. Bax, like a Chelsea artist, loves dressing up. At the concert of his works organized last week by his enterprising publishers, he appeared in various disguises—as a Russian, as a Spaniard, as a Bergerette, and even in a job lot of ecclesiastical vestments. It can at least be said that Spanish dress suits him better than it did Schumann, whose attempts in that direction suggest Mr. Tupman as a bandit. It was the pride of the Academy school that they could all write brilliantly for the orchestra. They could indeed, and have taken in many listeners by their showy substitutes for real music. But nowadays, *clichés* from Wagner or Liszt are recognizable by quite ordinary people, and this wonderful modern music is beginning to sound painfully old-fashioned.

Mr. Bax has survived his training because he happens to have been supremely endowed with natural musical gifts. Of all our living composers he is the most copiously and generously endowed by nature. Ever since his student days music has poured out of him, so that he has never had much inclination to practise economy or arrangement of musical material. He has often been classed with the pictorialists, because he gives his pieces titles. But I believe this judgment to be superficial. He may receive an initial stimulus from literature or other external impressions, but he always refuses to go into details of programme, and though his musical thought is only too often rambling, it always grows out of itself. Like Schubert, he is very susceptible to musical impressions; that is one reason for his "dressing up." He has the misfortune to be a fluent pianist and an exceptionally quick reader from orchestral scores; he

absorbs everything, because nothing is any effort to him. His temperament has always led him more and more towards Celtic romanticism, and it is now fairly clear that this is the style of music which is most personal to him. Paradoxical as it may seem, the Celtic twilight has been a means of clarifying his style, for as he became more immersed in it he gradually learned to discriminate between the ideas which were his own and expressed his own thoughts, and those which he had brought with him by mistake from Tenterden Street or Macfarren Place. For years he has been deficient in sense of style, but he has always had a wonderful sense of beauty and a natural delicacy of thought; and these things should in time lead to the evolution of style, though it may take a long time.

From a technical point of view much of his music seems to-day almost reactionary. It is too soon to begin speaking of him as an elderly revolutionary, but his earlier works do not sound as modern as they once did. Their beauty survives. To-day he contrasts oddly with the younger generation. It is not merely that he gives free play to sentiment and romance; his harmony and melody associate him definitely with the past rather than with the future. But for all that his music is individual and can afford to be indifferent to passing fashions. In his latest works he is finding style. And the proof of his genuine inspiration lies in the fact that when he does achieve style and a sense of formal beauty it results from his having had to grapple with a new technical problem. His pianoforte music is diffuse, and sometimes verges on the rhetorical, though he must not be held responsible for the rhetoric of his interpreter, Miss Harriet Cohen, who in her devoted anxiety to bring out every point makes the easiest things sound incredibly difficult. His songs are pianoforte pieces with a voice thrown in. He himself plays the "accompaniments" with an exquisitely modest and elusive charm, but he dominates even Mr. John Coates, simply because the composer's innermost thought is expressed in the pianoforte part and not in the vocal line. Choral motets offered him new problems. They must have shocked members of Gregorian Associations, for they conformed to no musico-liturgical conventions. Mr. Bax uses such ecclesiastical tags as he finds attractive, and decorates them with all sorts of fantastic ideas. The result on paper looks an almost unsingable jumble. In performance it was admirably calculated, full of the most adorable surprises, permeated by a rare sense of pure musical beauty. Another problem was to write a viola concerto for Mr. Tertis. Berlioz tackled the problem for Paganini; the result was a symphony—"Harold in Italy." Mr. Bax has solved the problem: the concerto is not merely his own best work, but a concerto which should take its place as a standard example. The difficulty of writing suitably for the viola has further stimulated Mr. Bax to a sonata for viola and pianoforte; here again he is—to the surprise of all who have followed his career—tense, concentrated, clear, and logical in form. At last he has eliminated superfluities; and now we can see and value the beauty which they masked.

EDWARD J. DENT.

The Drama.

CAJOLING THE CRACKSMAN.

Apollo Theatre: "Devil Dick." By A. Schomer.

THERE is, no doubt, a serious thesis at the back of Mr. A. Schomer's drama "Devil Dick." It is the familiar thesis that the way to reform a criminal is not to give him a taste of his own methods, but to try to give him a taste for decent living. It would be hard to argue that this principle is not inculcated by the higher religions, at any rate by Christianity. The practical difficulty is that we cannot here invite the assassins to commence. Somebody will have to take the risk on behalf of society, and there is ample excuse for individuals and social

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groups shrinking from it. Yet, considering that it is not so long ago that society felt unable to sleep safe if pickpockets were not hanged and lunatics flogged and fettered, it is conceivable that the total abolition of prisons as we know them may one day come about, just as simply as the repeal of wholesale executions, and with no more alarming consequences.

To discuss that, however, exceeds the province of the dramatic critic. The only point on which stress is here laid is that the men who make a serious and sustained effort to correct our Devil Dicks without cruelty will not, like Mr. Franklyn Warrington, the millionaire hero of this play, find it simply a business of striking dignified attitudes, making ennobling speeches and waiting quietly while the revolvers drop from the hands of repentant burglars. Zola's Abbé Rose is a character nearer the truth, though he too is sentimentalized. Frankly, we found that the reduction of the whole problem to terms of what we can only call novelette-nature took most of the interest out of Mr. Schomer's play. We do want to know how Devil Dick can be tamed, but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that smug Mr. Warrington will do it by immediately making him a kind of charity organization manager with free access to the funds; or that Dick himself will respond to the move in the spirit of nature's nobleman and administer a spectacular thrashing to the devil that urges him to relapse into loot and murder. It will be a much longer, more trying, and more sordid affair than that.

Although the play is skilfully constructed as far as keeping the secret of Dick's ultimate decision is concerned, it is full of tedious irrelevances. Thus the Prologue at the Public Meeting, with actors talking from the actual auditorium of the theatre, is all surplusage. Two sentences would dispose of all the business done in it; while an English audience (and surely an American audience too) can believe that a man will attempt a philanthropic task without the stimulus of even a charity wager. The parade of charity applicants at Warrington's house is similarly waste of time, and "they are not remarkably entertaining." Nor do the periodic intrusions of a distressed wife (shame that Miss Muriel Pratt should be sacrificed to such a part!), who propels a melancholy child as a sort of missile at her errant husband, have any effect, except, perhaps, to make us understand why Dick left home, or doubt if he had really what Mr. Polly would call a "choleraic" temperament, since he let this pair live. The pathos is as primitive as the humor. The Columbus who will discover a good egg on a stage breakfast-table has still, it seems, to be born.

Mr. Moscovitch makes his success in the part of Devil Dick chiefly on his romantic personality. He presents just the same hearty, virile, passionate kind of fellow, with the same appealing touch of childish waywardness, that he has shown us before. It is by no means an unsympathetic display, but considering what Mr. Russell Thorndike (shall we say?) would have made of such an opportunity for a criminological study, it can hardly be judged adequate. Technical competence should always have its meed of praise, and therefore Mr. Robert Horton's incisive and statuesque performance as virtuous Mr. Warrington is to be noticed. That he does not put character where no character exists is hardly matter for blame.

D. L. M.

Science.

CHANGES IN SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

WHEN it is said, as the older Victorian rationalists were fond of saying, that the degree of belief in a scientific doctrine is determined wholly by the evidence, the statement is probably untrue and is certainly ambiguous. "Evidence" has meaning only in reference to a sense of probability, and nothing is more clear than that a man's notions of the probable are not established independently of one another. Science does not form a closed

system even in the mind of the most rigorous pedant. No exclusively scientific man has ever existed—even Henry Cavendish appears to have nearly fallen in love—and in the actual beliefs about science, as they exist in the minds of scientific men, it is easy enough to see the influence of non-scientific factors. If, for instance, we examine the controversy, which professes to be wholly scientific, between the Mechanists and the Vitalists, we become aware that we are in the presence of two different sets of judgments respecting the probable, and that the facts discussed are being referred to two different systems of thought. We perceive that both the Mechanist and the Vitalist have performed an act of faith—a device for bringing that part of the universe about which we have no knowledge into consonance with our desires. Such fundamental notions of probability are not based on scientific knowledge alone. The whole of our experience of life goes to determine our attitude towards things not yet demonstrated. But besides these individual differences in notions of what is probable, it appears that there are secular changes in the attitude of a whole nation, or even larger groups of men. If we compare what seems to have been the general attitude of the eighteenth century with that of our own day, for instance, we become conscious of a marked change. That "rationalistic" century seems to have been oblivious of certain factors of which we are aware. It preferred a type of explanation which we now consider valuable only within a certain narrow range of phenomena.

But the apparent shallowness, the "materialism" of the eighteenth century is really more apparent than real. The mechanistic hypotheses of that age were, for the most part, restricted to the phenomena they served so admirably to explain. They did not constitute, in the general mind, a philosophy. A duality was admitted, but while men were thoroughly serious about the mechanistic part of the world, they were often easily and crudely superstitious about the rest. A really comprehensive and vigorous materialistic philosophy, based on science, did not emerge until fairly late in the nineteenth century, when the Darwinian theory made it possible to extend the mechanistic hypothesis to quite other phenomena than the motions of the planets and the behavior of light. The essential point about this movement was that it tended to destroy the duality which had hitherto been accepted. This duality was usually expressed by contrasting the two terms "matter" and "mind," although neither of these terms was used in a precise sense. And the tendency of the philosophy in question was to abolish the duality by assuming, as an act of faith, that all phenomena were ultimately explicable in terms of "matter" and its "laws."

Now one of the most interesting features of the present day is the growing tendency to find this type of explanation unsatisfactory. This tendency is sometimes described as an inversion of the old one, that is, as a tendency to describe all phenomena in terms of "mind." This description may be true in some cases, but, in general, the tendency exhibits itself more as a feeling of dissatisfaction with the exceedingly vague thing that a modern materialism must be. "Matter" has become just as mysterious as "mind," and is distinctly less familiar. The "matter" of modern electrical and relativity theory bears no resemblance to the homely entity the Victorian materialists were talking about. To insist on materialism nowadays is merely to give a false air of sturdy common-sense and non-romanticism. There is no longer a clear, definite, tangible something on which the horse-sense of the materialist can base its unalterable convictions. The whole issue has been lifted into a more subtle and rarefied region, and the persistence of the old terms merely leads to misapprehensions. But the old feelings and the old tradition persist. A recent review, in a scientific journal, of a great mathematical work on Relativity theory, exhibited anger at what the reviewer called the author's "mysticism." The new scientific doctrines go so deep that something more than scientific knowledge is involved in one's reactions to them. One's general sense of probability, including the influence of one's religious

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THE WAY OF HEALTH AND ABUNDANCE. By W.
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 Man's Spiritual Dominion, &c. CONTENTS: Man's Powers Unlimited
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perceptions or the lack of them, is concerned in the interpretation given to the new doctrines. There are scientific men who detest all implications that are other than scientific; but that does not destroy such implications. The matter must be faced. Science has arrived at a point where it obviously has far-reaching philosophic—and, it may be, even religious—implications, and they must be courageously explored. It is an uncomfortable fact, to some men, that such implications exist; such men have performed their act of faith and do not wish to see the main lines of their universe disturbed. Others exult, too soon and too cheaply. But these limited reactions must not disguise the fact that science is now in a position to illuminate the whole of life, and that its contribution is now so fundamental that the whole of our experience of life is used in interpreting it.

S.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Nov.
Sat. 25. British Institute of Adult Education (King's College), 3.—"Adult Education and the Individual," Viscount Haldane.
Sun. 26. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The Centenary of Matthew Arnold," Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe. Indian Students' Union (Keppel St., W.C. 1), 5.—Lecture by Mr. John Murray, M.P.
Mon. 27. Women's Guild of Empire (Caxton Hall), 3.—"The Imperial Aspect of the Population Problem," Mr. Harold Cox.
King's College, 4.—"The Religion of Democracy," Lecture II., Prof. W. Adams Brown (of New York).
King's College, 5.30.—"More Carols from the Cowley Carol Book," Rev. G. R. Woodward.
University College, 5.30.—"The Evolution of London," Lecture I., Miss E. Jeffries Davis.
Aristotelian Society, 8.—"The Treatment of 'Existence' in Recent Philosophical Literature," Prof. R. F. A. Hoernlé.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Brown Coal and Lignites," Cantor Lecture I., Prof. W. A. Bone.
Tues. 28. Parents' National Educational Union (41, Berkeley Square, W.), 3.—"The Training of Children as Citizens," Dr. J. C. Maxwell Garnett.
King's College, 5.15.—"Pierre du Bois and the Way of Peace," Miss Eileen Power.
King's College, 5.30.—"Umbrian Painting: Pinturicchio, Perugino," Prof. P. Dearmer.
University College, 5.30.—"Medieval Danish Ballads," Lecture IV., Mr. J. H. Helweg.
Sociological Society (Royal Society's Rooms, Burlington House), 8.15.—"Factors of Historical Changes in Society," Mr. Hilaire Belloc.
Wed. 29. Royal Institute of Public Health, 4.—"School Dental Clinics," Mr. C. E. Wallis.
British Academy (Royal Society's Rooms), 5.—"Immanuel Kant," Prof. James Ward. (Hertz Lecture.)
King's College, 5.30.—"German Influence on British History," Mr. J. W. Headlam-Morley.
University College, 5.30.—"Norway," Lecture IV., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.
University College, 6.15.—"The Foreign Exchanges," Newmarch Lecture IV., Mr. A. W. Flux.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Hot-Wire Microphone and its Applications," Major W. S. Tucker.
Thurs. 30. Royal Society, 4.30.
University College, 5.15.—"Customary Law in London and other English City Areas," Lecture IV., Prof. de Montmorency.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Distribution of the Slavonic Peoples and Languages," Mr. N. B. Jopson.
King's College, 5.30.—"Immanence and Incarnation," Dr. W. R. Matthews.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Stoic Philosophy," Lecture IV., Miss Hilda D. Oakeley.
University College, 5.30.—"The History of Sweden," Lecture IV., Mr. I. Björkham.
Child-Study Society (90, Buckingham Palace Road), 6.—"Problems relating to Mental Deficiency," Dr. A. F. Tredgold.
London School of Economics, 6.—"Problems of the British Tropics," Lecture II., Sir Frederick Lugard.
Fri. 1. Essex Hall, 2.30 and 7.30.—Humanitarian Conference. The speakers will include Lady Clare Annesley, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie-Weaver, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, Mrs. Speedwell Massingham, and Miss Evelyn Sharp.
Philological Society, 8.—"The Production of Human Speech Sounds," Sir Richard Paget; "An International Symbolization of Tones," Mr. N. W. Thomas.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

PHILOSOPHY.

- *Coudé (Emile). Self-Mastery through Conscious Autosuggestion. Allen & Unwin, 2/6.
*Frazer (Sir James George). The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead: Vol. II. The Belief among the Polynesians. Macmillan, 18/-.
Gummere (Richard Mott). Seneca the Philosopher and his Modern Message (Our Debt to Greece and Rome). Harrap, 5/-.
Society for Psychical Research. Proceedings. Part 36. Glasgow, MacLachose & Co. (Francis Edwards), 16/6.
Unwin (Ernest E.). Religion and Biology. Swarthmore Press, 6/-.
*Wittgenstein (L.). Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus. Introd. by Bertrand Russell. Kegan Paul, 10/6.

RELIGION.

- Butler (Dom Cuthbert). Western Mysticism: the Teaching of St. Augustine, Gregory, and Bernard on the Contemplative Life. Constable, 18/-.
Foadick (Harry Emerson). Christianity and Progress. Nisbet, 6/-.
McFadyen (Dr. J. Edgar). The Interest of the Bible. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
Maclean (Norman). Victory Out of Ruin. Hodder & Stoughton, 5/-.
Plummer (Charles), ed. Bethada Naem nErenn. Lives of Irish Saints. Texts and Translations. 2 vols. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 42/-.
Roiden (A. Maude). Prayer as a Force.—Political Christianity. Putnam, 3/6 each.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- Abbott (G. F.). Greece and the Allies, 1914-22. Pref. by Admiral Mark Kerr. Methuen, 7/6.
Bournville Housing. A Description of the Housing Schemes of Cadbury Bros., Ltd., and the Bournville Village Trust. Publication Dept., Bournville Works, Birmingham.
Bulkeley (M. E.). Bibliographical Survey of Contemporary Sources for the Economic and Social History of the War. Carnegie Endowment (Milford), 10/3.
Chafee (Zachariah), Jun. Freedom of Speech. Allen & Unwin, 16/-.
Cohen (Jacques). The Secret of Good Health. Simpkin & Marshall, 3/-.
Edie (Lionel D.). Principles of the New Economics. Harrap, 10/6.
Eliot (Hugh). Human Character. Longmans, 7/6.
Germany. Second Annual Report of the Controller of the Clearing Office (Germany). H.M.S.O., 1/-.
Grange (Herbert). Wheat Costings, 1914 and 1919-22. King, 1/6.
*Housing Question (The). By a Former Housing Commissioner. Pref. by Arthur Henderson. Allen & Unwin, 3/6.
Huggins (William L.). Labor and Democracy. Macmillan, 6/-.
Macara (Sir Chas. W.). The Industrial Situation, Bolshevism; Conception of Wealth. Manchester, Sherratt & Hughes, 1/-.
Meias (Major G.). The Turk as he is: Answer to a Libel. Devonshire Club, St. James's Street, the Author, 3/6.
Pell (Charles Ed.). The Riddle of Unemployment and its Solution. Palmer, 7/6.
*Press (The). Prepared by the Labor Research Department. Labor Publishing Co., 1/-.
Rosen (Baron). Forty Years of Diplomacy. 2 vols. Allen & Unwin, 25/-.
Street (Fanny). Our Political Responsibility. Student Christian Movement, 6d.
Tansill (Charles C.). The Canadian Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 (Johns Hopkins University Studies). Baltimore, Johns Hopkins Press, 83.
Whiting (Edith M.). Penal Reform: Outlines and Suggestions for a Course of Study. National Adult School Union, 3d.

EDUCATION.

- Adult Education in Sweden. World Association for Adult Education, 13, John St., W.C. 2, 1/-.
*Macadam (Ivion S.). Youth in the Universities. Preface by H. G. Wells. National Union of Students, University Union Building, Malet St., Bloomsbury, 6d.

SCIENCE.

- Curtis (Winterton C.). Science and Human Affairs, from the Viewpoint of Biology. Bell, 15/-.
*Einstein (Albert). The Meaning of Relativity. Methuen, 5/-.
Geological Survey of India. Vol. LIV. Part 2. Calcutta, 27, Chowringhee Rd., 2rup. 12an.
Hallows (R. W.). Wireless Telephony Simply Explained. 83 diag. Pearson, 1/6.
Smith (W. Whately). The Measurement of Emotion. Kegan Paul, 10/6.
Tausig (C. W.). The Book of Radio: a Complete, Simple Explanation of Radio Reception and Transmission. Foreword by J. C. Edgerton. Appleton, 15/-.

NATURAL HISTORY.

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